

Calling All GIRLS

A NEW MAGAZINE FOR
GIRLS AND SUB-DEBS

No. 2 10c

COMICS *for Girls!*

America's First Lady
Jacqueline Cochran—
Flying Cinderella
Yorktown Younger Set
Air Hostess No. 1

Stories

Style Isn't Everything!
Mayor Martin's
Daughter
Thanks, Mac!

Articles

On Your Toes!
Speaking of Hobbies
Meet the Maylan
Sisters

Features

It's a Date!
How Do You Figure?
Cookie Capers
Gadgets and Fashions
for Girls



VIRGINIA WEIDLER
Thirteen-year-old movie star who has
appeared in *Babes on Broadway*,
Barnacle Bill, *Keeping Company*, *Phil-*
adelphia Story, and who is an Ad-
visory Editor of *Calling All Girls*.

Susan Says

HERE we are again! The second issue of our own special magazine and even better than the first, in my humble opinion.

When the first issue of CALLING ALL GIRLS came out on the newsstands, I was, frankly, in a twit about it. You remember, the publishers had asked me to look over the proofs and tell them what I thought of it. I went 'way out on a limb and said "wonderful"! Then I got all hot and bothered, worrying about whether all you girls would agree with me that it was not only a swell idea, but full of exactly the right features and stories and stuff to dee-light you and me and our girl friends. But you blessed lambs agreed with me! The Publisher has had scads of letters from all over the country, and honestly, I never read anything so enthusiastic. (The Publisher let me look 'em over . . . and did I say "I told you so"!) Of course, there are lots of suggestions, and every one of them gets its full share of attention. Maybe you won't find your suggestion carried out in this issue . . . maybe it will not be used at all. But if not, it's for some very good reason, because the publishers of CALLING ALL GIRLS are doing their level best to carry out in the magazine those ideas that most please the largest number of us.

Many of the CALLING ALL GIRLS fans who wrote letters said that they were spreading the good word, telling all their friends about the new magazine. That's fine! If the publishers sell a lot of copies, they may decide to bring it out more often, and we will get more of all the special features and articles and stories we like best. So, I for one intend to call all girls to CALLING ALL GIRLS!

P. S. I've just been tipped off to some inside information. Look for the next issue . . . No. 3 . . . about December first! CALLING ALL GIRLS is going to come out every other month from now on.

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FIRST LADY

The Wife of the President of the United States



ANNA ELEANOR ROOSEVELT-

She writes, teaches, lectures, travels. She is the hostess of the White House. Mrs. Roosevelt is truly our greatest First Lady in 130 years.

THIS IS HER STORY:

Eleanor Roosevelt was the shy daughter of a very beautiful mother.

Run along now, you little Granny.

I like to watch you, mother.



Eleanor's such a solemn child.

Oh, dear! I don't know what to do about her. Come in, and take your finger out of your mouth!



Adored by her father, she had only to hear his voice to come flying to him.



A collision while on a boat ride made her fear the water.



Her mother died when she was eight years old.



Eleanor was a lonely girl. The butler was her only friend.



She had no playmates. Books became her only companions.



Little Eleanor helped at a party for poor newsboys.



When she was 15, she spent her holidays at her Uncle Theodore's—the famous Teddy—at Oyster Bay. The games were fun....



Teddy Roosevelt took them on picnics.



But at parties she knew few of the other young folk.

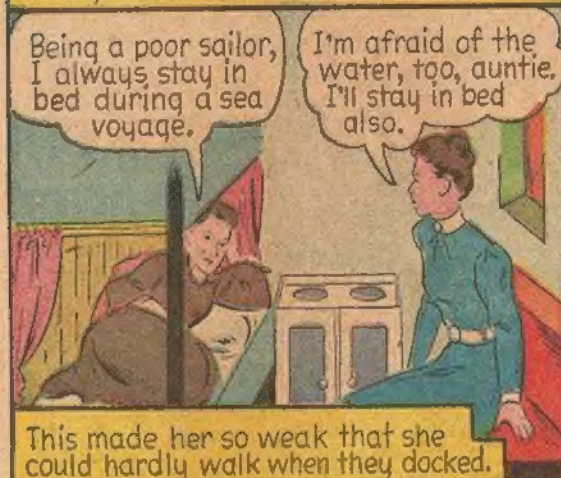


Her cousin, Franklin Roosevelt, asked her to dance.



and danced with Franklin tonight. I cannot tell you how grateful I am to him for his kindness.

That same year she went to England to study. An aunt chaperoned her.



Eleanor was abroad three years, visiting England, France, Italy, Switzerland and Germany.



After her return home, she was more active socially.



As a member of the Junior League, she became a teacher at the Rivington Street Settlement House.



Eleanor began to see more of Franklin.



Grandmother, last week at Groton School, Franklin asked me to marry him. We are engaged.

Are you sure that you are really in love?

Yes!

Telling Franklin's mother.

Eleanor and I are going to get married, mother.

Better wait until you graduate from Harvard.

Let's wait, Franklin.

After his graduation, they both vacationed at Campobello.

I have always been afraid of the water, but I'm not afraid now.

They were married on her mother's birthday, March 17, 1905.

Do you, Eleanor, take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?

I do.

The guests neglected the couple for President Theodore Roosevelt, who came to the wedding.

It's not every day that they get a chance to talk to a President.

They went abroad on their honeymoon.

Bon voyage!
Have a good time!

In London, England, they were given the royal suite because they were related to the President of the U.S.

Sorry, but we can't afford this. We would like something smaller.

The following year their first baby, Anna, was born. The next year, James. In 1910, Elliott—then Franklin Jr. and John.



In the beginning, Eleanor depended a great deal on her mother-in-law.



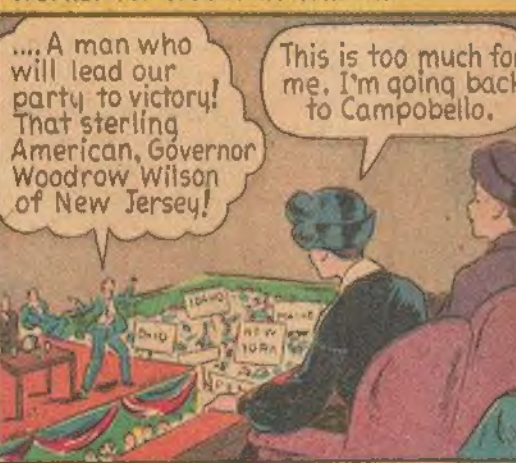
Only after Franklin became a state senator, and they moved to Albany, did she come to depend upon herself.



She met most of the now-famous men of our time.



In 1912 she attended her first political convention. Her husband was an active worker for Woodrow Wilson.



On the train.



INTERNATIONAL UNION
TELEGRAM

FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT
CAMP OBELLO N B
WILSON NOMINATED THIS
AFTERNOON STOP SLEND
TRIUMPH STOP ALL MY
PLANS VAGUE
FRANKLIN

Mrs. Roosevelt was terribly embarrassed at being pointed out.



President Wilson appointed Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. In a panic, Eleanor dashed to an aunt who had lived in Washington.

Auntie, what will I have to do?

First look after the Navy, itself. Young officers get low pay. Help their wives.

She undertook her duties seriously.

I am Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Won't you come to call soon?

On Wednesdays, she entertained at home. Often she was the only person who could speak the languages of her guests.

Her excellency wishes to know.....

During World War No.1, Eleanor worked in the Red Cross canteen in the railroad yards, in uniform; making coffee, serving cigarettes, cutting bread, etc.

Thank you, ma'am.

Won't you have some sandwiches?

She often visited the Navy Hospital, as well.

1920-Franklin ran for Vice President and was defeated. The family returned to New York City.

She was determined to become a good cook.

Mrs. Roosevelt, you've cooked the whole meal!

She attended business school.

I must learn to type and take shorthand.

But the summer of 1921 upset all her plans. At Campobello.....



The following morning.....



Eleanor's own interest in social work and politics was now revived.

She learned practical politics through the Women's Trade Union League and the Democratic State Committee.

We want you to report to our members on national legislation.

But I had no contacts with law-making in Washington.

You can do it!

Very well, I shall learn about government myself.

Mrs. Jones, I've come to take you to the polls.



Her political activities paved the way for Franklin's return to politics. With Al Smith....

Franklin, you should certainly run for Governor of New York.

I am sure you can, Franklin! You are well enough now!



She helped in her husband's election to 2 terms as Governor of New York and 3 as U.S. President.

You can do a great deal to advance his candidacy.

I'll do it!



In spite of official duties she kept up other activities, and continued her interest in the girls' school where she had taught.



Eleanor started a furniture factory, too.

We'll produce American period furniture.



She has delivered several hundred lectures and radio addresses in the past 7 years.

When this war is over, there will be peace. But what kind of peace? It is better to think about it now than to take what is offered later.



She chats with anyone she meets on plane, bus or train.



She goes to engineering and housing projects and talks to the workers.

She has written over a million words and has earned and given away over \$500,000. She is the author of six books.

In between times she knits garments for her grandchildren.

Do you find this work filling a definite need?

We have allowed a situation to arise where many people are debased by poverty or the accident of race.

I have ten, you know.

She has always been interested in youth and its problems.

Recently she defended her interest in American Youth Congress leaders, accused of being radicals.

To the demand that she resign from the Newspaper Guild because it was considered Red, she replied:

The problems of youth today present our greatest social concern.

We should find out the facts before accusing them.

I refuse to resign. I intend to take an active part in Guild affairs so long as I am a newspaper writer.

I might add, too, that I have never been elected to office and I shall write as I please.

Eleanor writes a daily column called "My Day."

I'll dictate my column now.

She likes to entertain at picnics. Her "hot dog"outing with the King and Queen of England in 1939, made history.

I like to cook the hamburgers and hot dogs myself, Your Majesty.

A Gallup Poll in 1939 showed 68% of the American People approved of her.

I believe the young folk like her best.

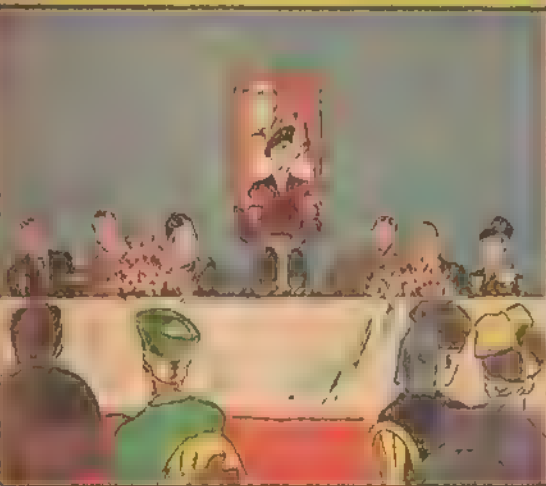
Low income groups and "Main Street" like her, too.

We like her informal, folksy, neighborly manner.

She's a democrat, Miss, a small "d" democrat.

She received the Parents' Magazine 1939 Award for outstanding service to children.

Eleanor has traveled over 280,000 miles in the last seven years.



It has been suggested that she run for public office.

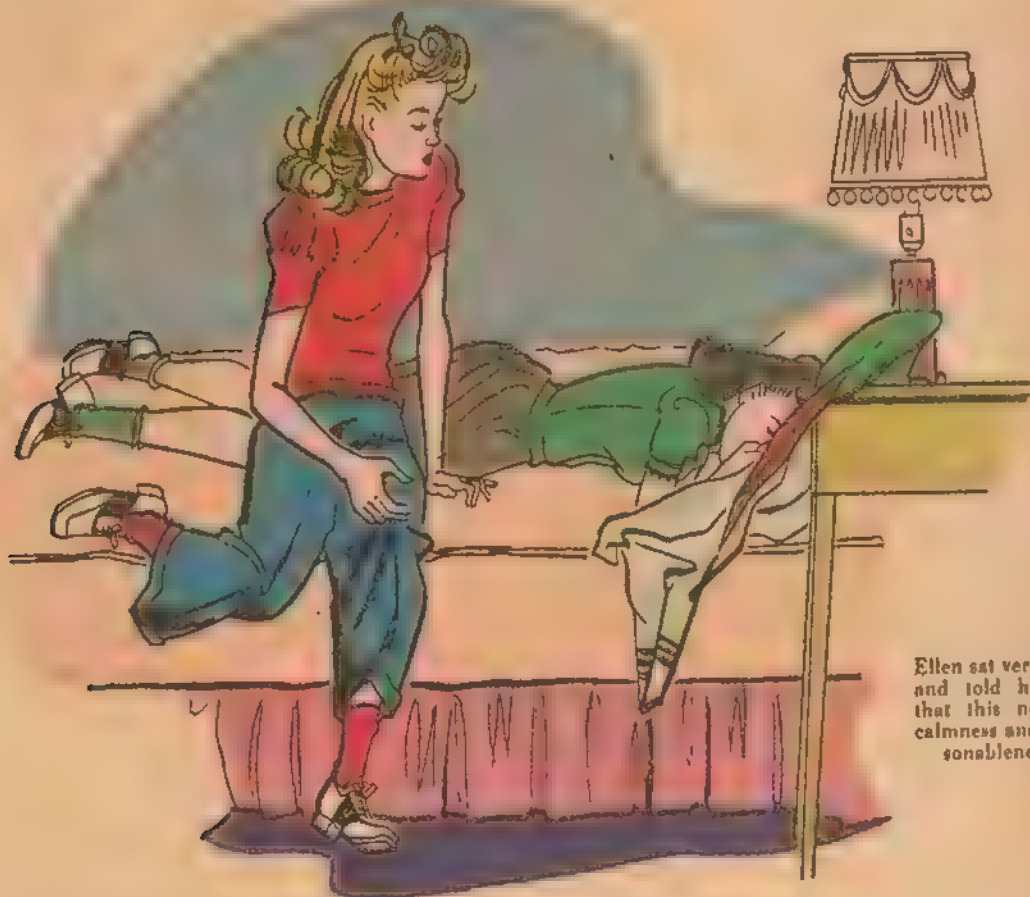
Nothing could ever persuade me to run for any public office.

Today Mrs. Roosevelt is in the front ranks of those helping in aid to war victims.



Her efforts and accomplishments have really earned for her the title of *America's First Lady*.

STYLE isn't Everything!



Ellen sat very still and told herself that this needed calmness and reasonableness

But Ellen's own style was pretty fine when it came to managing people, particularly Sylvia and her boy friend

By ADAM ALLEN

ELLEN took the six porch steps in three leaps and the wide front porch in two, shouting "Mother!" in a most unladylike manner at every step. She had just remembered something very important. The door banged behind her and she shouted once more.

And then she stopped still because Mrs. Cort was only half a dozen steps away in the living room and someone was with her. The guest's hat was terribly smart, Ellen realized,

suddenly conscious of her own grimy slacks and her uncombed hair. That suit was terribly smart, too. In fact, she was about the smoothest thing Ellen had ever seen.

"Uh—excuse me," Ellen said.

"This, as you probably gathered, is Ellen," Mrs. Cort said, and her eye took in the slacks and the hair. "Ellen, this is Mary Elizabeth Thomas—Mrs. Thomas. You remember I told you she was coming to lunch this week."

"How do you do?" Ellen rubbed her hand on her slacks—which didn't do it much good—before she put it in Mrs. Thomas' thin white one. And she tried to keep her voice from showing the way she felt inside. It was bad enough having somebody in the house who made you feel as if you had just crawled out of a rag heap, but when that somebody was staying to lunch, today of all days...

"So this is the younger one," Mrs. Thomas said.

Ellen forced herself to smile and she even managed to say: "Mother's talked a lot about you. She's read all your books."

"Your mother's talked a lot about you and Sylvia, too."

"I doubt if I fully prepared you, though," Mrs. Cort smiled.

And Ellen knew exactly what her mother was thinking and she was sorry, but this was such an important day. She couldn't let even a famous writer spoil it.

"Mother," she said, "you didn't forget what today is, did you? The football game is today. Remember? And I meant to ask you this morning if we couldn't have lunch a little early. Harold's willing to start early and naturally since Tacker and I've never been to a big college game before, why naturally we want to get there as soon as possible. Can we eat early, Mom? I mean, may we?"

Mrs. Cort smiled in a way that made Ellen know what the answer was going to be, and Mrs. Thomas laughed as if it were all very amusing.

"Lunch is at twelve-thirty as usual, dear. That ought to give you plenty of time—Sylvia thought it would. As a matter of fact, it will probably take you nearly that long to get cleaned up, won't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

Ellen went upstairs slowly, sadly dragging one foot after the other. The day was practically ruined already. It had probably been too good to last: Tacker's uncle saying that he'd give him two tickets, and Tacker asking Ellen to go with him, and Harold saying they could go in his car, and Mother being all right about it as long as they went with Harold and Sylvia. Yes, everything had been too easy. But now if they had to leave at the last minute, why it practically wouldn't be any fun at all. They wouldn't be able to stop on the way for hamburgers or anything. They might even miss seeing the teams run out on the field.

Why hadn't Sylvia had sense enough to ask to have lunch moved up? But oh, no, Sylvia was seventeen; it would prob-

ably be beneath her to act as if a football game were important. Of course, Ellen could get plenty to eat in five minutes, but Sylvia would probably take all of half an hour, the dainty way she ate. Honestly, Sylvia and Harold were getting so solemn, always talking about Life and Art and how they were going to be creative—or something—writers. It wouldn't surprise Ellen at all if Sylvia pretended at lunch today that she'd really rather stay at home this afternoon and listen to Mrs. Thomas talk than go to practically the most exciting thing in the whole fall.

Ellen had just reached the top of the stairs when Sylvia

vented Sylvia from closing the door in her face.

"What did you say?"

Sylvia flung herself down on the bed.

"You heard me. I'm not going to the game. And as a matter of fact, I don't care if I never go anywhere with Harold Davis again as long as I live. He's the most selfish, conceited, stubborn, insufferable..."

Ellen quietly interrupted Sylvia, while her heart turned to ice. Two minutes ago she had thought there was something wrong with the day! Why, two minutes ago she had been in heaven compared to the way she was feeling now. Because if Sylvia didn't go to the game

that meant Ellen didn't go either.

"What did he do to you that was so awful?"

"He's going to ride with the top down!" Sylvia wailed.

"Well, for heaven's sakes" Ellen sat down on the bed in surprise and disgust. "What's so terrible about that?"

Sylvia just sobbed for a moment, but then she explained—at least she thought she was explaining. Ellen thought it was the silliest thing she'd ever heard in her life.

"I bought that green beret with the beautiful long red feather especially to wear this afternoon," Sylvia said, between gulps. "And when he said he was going to put the top down I said then I couldn't wear the hat because it would blow off and the feather would be simply mangled, and he said what did I care? And naturally I said I cared or I wouldn't have bought the beret in the first place, and persuaded Daddy to give me my allowance ahead so I could get it. And he said I was silly and I said he was being very inconsiderate. And," Sylvia sat up to deliver her final lines with the effect they deserved, "we went on and on and I finally simply told

RAINBOWS

By MARION E. THORPE DILLER

Today there was a rainbow in the sky:
A lovely painted ribbon swinging high,
Arch'ng so far out in the rain,
I guess the pot of gold was lost again.

I watched a minute, knowing rainbows fade,
Instead I saw more rainbow colors made—
A twin rainbow was hanging there,
Across the summer sky which had been bare.

After a time the winds came rushing past,
Urging the little clouds to hurry fast.
They covered up the rainbows tight,
And tucked them up in darkness for the night.

ran out of the bathroom, a towel pressed to her red face and her shoulders heaving.

"What's the matter with you?" Ellen wanted to know.

Sylvia stopped dramatically.

"Oh, nothing. I'm just not going to the game, that's all. It's nothing." And she moved toward her room sobbing.

"You're what?" Ellen could hardly believe her ears. For one moment she thought maybe Sylvia did want to stay at home and talk to Mrs. Thomas, but then she realized that that explanation didn't fit the picture. Sylvia was crying and there wouldn't be anything about that to cry about.

Ellen followed her determinedly across the hall and pre-

him that he could either put the top up or I wouldn't go. And he said I didn't have to, then!" And Sylvia flung herself down on the bed again, overcome once more.

• Ellen sat very still on the edge of the bed and told herself that this needed calmness and reasonableness. And when the sobs had quieted a little she tried to be both calm and reasonable. But it doesn't do any good to be that way when the person you're talking to is neither. Ellen worked at it for half an hour, and then she gave up. She shut the door on Sylvia and started absent-mindedly downstairs again.

This was life, she thought to herself. This was the sort of thing that made people cynical.

She wondered if she looked cynical. And just as she reached the bottom step she heard her mother laughing gaily, in ignorance of the fact that her younger daughter's entire autumn was ruined.

"But, Mary Elizabeth," Mrs. Cort was saying, "doesn't it make you feel tremendously powerful—managing characters, bringing them together and separating them again, making them fall in love and out of it?"

And Ellen stopped short, so thunderstruck with her idea that she couldn't move.

"Managing characters!"

Well, why not?

And a moment later she was dialing Harold's phone number. Harold sounded a little sur-

prised when he heard who it was, and Ellen talked fast so he wouldn't hang up until she had finished.

"So I just thought," she finished, "you'd probably want to meet her. You know—since you're going to be a writer and all. I could always see you were really serious about it—not just playing around the way Sylvia does. And I'm sure I could fix it with Mother if you wanted to come to lunch."

Harold said: "Well, sure I'd like to meet her. But she probably wouldn't want to bother talking to me." He laughed a little self-consciously. "After all, I'm not a writer yet."

Ellen longed to tell him that she didn't care whether he was ever a writer or not, but she said sweetly: "Oh, I'm sure she will. Just wait a minute."

And a moment later she picked up the phone again breathlessly. "It's all right, Harold. Only hurry—lunch is at twelve-thirty."

Her mother had looked so puzzled when she made her request, and so disappointed to see that nothing at all had yet been accomplished about the slacks and the hair, that Ellen dashed upstairs afterward to show her gratitude by taking a shower and combing her hair and putting on the blue dress Mrs. Cort liked her best in. When she came back downstairs at twenty-seven minutes after twelve, Harold was just coming up the front walk.

Now if only Sylvia didn't spoil things! Ellen had stopped at her door on the way down and said: "You have to come down. Remember, Mother has company."

And Sylvia had sobbed again—but she sounded a little tired by this time—and said: "All right. Go ahead. I'll be down in a minute."

The first hurdle was over. Ellen took Mrs. Thomas' arm and rather hurried her into the dining room the minute lunch was announced. And they were all seated when Sylvia appeared at the door:

Ellen had been afraid her sister would somehow manage



She talked fast so he wouldn't hang up until she had finished

to get Harold to leave if she saw him before they were at the table. As it was, she simply raised her eyebrows and said stiffly, "Imagine seeing you here." And then, at a surprised glance from her mother, she closed her mouth tightly and slipped into her place.

Ellen waited until they had almost finished their soup and then she said, charmingly, she hoped: "Harold and Sylvia are going to be writers when they grow up. They're always talking about your books. It would certainly be wonderful for them if you were going to be able to stay long enough to give them a talk—you know, about what writers ought to do and stuff."

Mrs. Thomas smiled and Ellen thought grudgingly that maybe she wasn't really so bad after all.

"I don't suppose I could tell them anything that would do them any good," the writer said.

And she smiled at Sylvia and Harold, too; and they both managed to smile back at her, though feebly.

"You mean," Ellen went on, "that each writer has to figure things out for himself?"

Her mother looked at her and shook her head a little. Ellen knew she meant that it was unwise to talk about something you knew nothing about. She would have to explain it all to Mother afterward, but right now there was nothing to do but go ahead.

"I mean," she said determinedly, "I read somewhere that writers have to learn how to write by studying other people, not just other writers. I mean."

She wasn't making herself clear and she felt she wasn't being very bright, but miraculously Mrs. Thomas interrupted her explanation.

"I think I know what you mean, Ellen—that it's more important to know people than it is to know grammar."

"Yes, that's it," Ellen breathed.

"Well, style is important, isn't it, Mrs. Thomas?" Harold



Ellen coughed gently, and Harold and Sylvia stopped abruptly.

made his first contribution to the conversation beyond his initial remark about having read all of Mrs. Thomas' books.

"Style isn't everything," Sylvia said quickly.

"That's what I think," Ellen agreed, ignoring her mother's raised eyebrows. "If I were going to be a writer I'd start out by trying to be understanding with everybody. I mean, I'd always try to understand what made people say what they say—and do what they do," she ended lamely.

"You're on the right track, Ellen," Mrs. Thomas said. And Ellen had a sudden thought that maybe she ought to be a writer. It wasn't everybody who had a real author tell her she was on the right track. "Writers write about people, and if they don't understand people they can't very well write about them. For example, if Ellen decided that she

wanted to be a writer . . ."

"It's Sylvia who's going to write. And Harold." Ellen gave up her momentary dream of a literary career in a good cause. Then she breathed a little sigh as she heard the novelist continue. "I couldn't have done better myself," thought Ellen gratefully.

"Well then, if Sylvia and Harold are going to write, I suggest that they start by trying to understand the people they know—each other, for instance. If Harold says something that Sylvia doesn't like and Sylvia tries to understand why he said it, instead of getting angry and saying something herself in her anger that he may not understand—well, I'd say that act of understanding would be a long step toward the beginning of a writing career."

"But, Mrs. Thomas," Harold began. (Turn to page 64)

Meet the Moylan Sisters

By ALICE BRADFORD

IMAGINE having 11,000,000 men and women, boys and girls listening to your singing! That's the number that each Sunday hears the Moylan Sisters. If you go in for part-singing, or listen to the radio often, or just like to hear two girls harmonize, the chances are, you are among their large radio audience.

Maybe you have pictured Marianne and Peggy Joan Moylan, owners of those two sweet voices, as tall, or blonde—or maybe you haven't pictured them at all. But whether or not you have dreamed of how they would be, you are going to meet them right here in these pages, and discover how much like you these two radio singers are.

In a real meeting you would probably be surprised, for although they have both sung on the radio more than three years they have none of the mannerisms children on the radio are supposed to have. Marianne turned nine last July, and Peggy Joan is seven. They both have long brown curls and a sprinkling of freckles across their noses. And though they are dressed like twins and look much alike, lively Marianne and quiet Peggy Joan are really quite different.

Their singing together on the



Peggy Joan, left, and Marianne Moylan evidently enjoy their broadcasts just as much as their audience does.

At home and at their radio work, lively Marianne and quiet Peggy Joan are perfectly natural, unaffected little girls

air happened almost by accident. Marianne started singing real tunes at the age of three—almost before she could talk at all. Her mother and father helped her by teaching her little songs. Soon she sang so well that her aunts and her mother's friends were begging her mother to let her try out for radio. But Mrs. Moylan was not anxious to go all the way to New York from their home in Sag Harbor, Long Island, more than a hundred miles away. Although both Mr. and Mrs. Moylan were musical, they were not eager for Marianne to become a child star. It was not until two years later, when Marianne was five, that her mother finally wrote in to NBC's Children's Hour asking for a chance for Marianne to be heard. Meanwhile Peggy Joan had reached the advanced age of three and was following right along in her sister's musical footsteps. She could sing all the songs Marianne had known at three, plus new ones that Marianne taught her.

One day the entire family was sitting around the radio listening to their favorite program—four singers harmonizing. The children were humming along with the singers, when suddenly Marianne turned to Peggy Joan.

"Peggy Joan, you take the downstairs notes and I'll take the upstairs ones. Shall we?"

Surprised, Mr. and Mrs. Moylan looked at each other, then at their two daughters, and waited. Marianne started singing the tune along with the quartet on the radio, and after a few notes Peggy Joan joined in with the alto. The two voices blended perfectly. The parents were pleased and started teaching them to sing the alto and the soprano (and even tenor) of some of their favorite tunes. It was not long before the girls could sing together in perfect harmony most of the songs they liked. Both of them could take either the high or the low part, harmonizing either above or below the main melody or air. Their learning of part-singing had happened after Mrs.

Moylan had written in to the broadcasting studios for an audition for Marianne; but even if it had happened earlier, their mother probably wouldn't have wanted Peggy Joan to try out. Three years old is really too young to start thinking about going on the air. At least, that's what Mrs. Moylan thought at that time.

When the reply finally came from Radio City, and the day for the trip to New York arrived, it was decided to bring Peggy Joan along rather than leave her with someone else. At the radio studios Marianne sang and her hearers were pleased. As they were signing her up for the Children's Hour the next Sunday, Marianne spoke up.

"Peggy Joan can sing, too," she said, "even if she is only three. Come on, Peggy Joan."

And Marianne started one of their favorite songs. Peggy Joan joined right in, her voice as sweet and true as any songbird. Surprised, but very pleased, the directors of the program signed up both the little girls, and the sisters have been singing together over the radio ever since. In addition to

their weekly appearance on this program, they have had for over a year their own program of songs for another sponsor; it is a fifteen-minute program called simply "The Moylan Sisters." Everyone likes the two girls so well that they have become the most popular Sunday afternoon program on the air.

Once a week they make the 115-mile trip from their home on Long Island to the broadcasting studios in Radio City, New York. They have to get up at six o'clock in the morning, and their day is very full. When they arrive in New York (the trip usually takes about two and a half hours by car), they rehearse for about an hour before the Children's Hour goes on the air over WEA. After the program Marianne and Peggy Joan usually sign a few autographs and then go over to a hotel for dinner. Then it is time to rehearse for their own show, and later in the day they are on the air again, this time over WJZ and a coast-to-coast hookup. They go back to Sag Harbor and their professional life is over for another week.

They appear on the air only one day a week, which is prob-



Here are Marianne and Peggy Joan Moylan dressing up one of their pets, Rascal, for a party in their playhouse

ably why they remain so unaffected by their professional life. Though each of them makes about a hundred dollars a week, their allowance for spending money is only fifty cents a week each. They have a hard time making ends meet on this (there was that rowboat they wanted for fishing which cost fourteen dollars), so they sell their own crocheting and cooking when they need more money than usual.

Their school life is divided between the Academy of the Sacred Heart, a semi-private school near their home, and instruction from their aunt, a former teacher. Their father makes the girls' song arrangements and teaches them the numbers they are to sing on the coming Sunday, but they practice only a half hour daily. Learning the tunes and the words to them has developed their memories to an unusual extent. One or two times over, and they have their songs learned by heart. As if this were not enough music, they are both studying piano; and Peggy Joan has also started with the violin.

Once a week, on Saturday, they go to the movies out in Sag Harbor. Their favorite actors are Randolph Scott, Jimmy Stewart, and Errol Flynn. Among the women, their first choice is Ida Lupino, with Margaret Sullivan running a close second.

They have their favorite radio programs, too, and one of the aviation programs has become a hobby. Peggy Joan gave Marianne a squadron of miniature planes for Easter, and they both belong to the Secret Squadron Club. They have other hobbies besides aviation, among them fishing (in Long Island Sound), bicycling, hiking, cooking, and many others.

Built onto the Moylan house is the sisters' own playhouse. Here they sweep, cook and clean, and serve refreshments. They are very fussy housekeepers and a sign warns all to "Wipe your feet before entering." Borrowing flour or sugar

is serious with them, and they are very careful about returning such loans. If their mother borrows from them, they insist on exact return. After all, part of their allowance goes into buying supplies for their playhouse, and they can't afford to be careless.

Their most important interest during the spring was hatching a dozen eggs. The chicks are the offspring of Biddie and Flatfoot, their two favorites among the flock of chickens in the Moylan backyard. The other chickens are

PATIENCE

By BARBARA A. JONES

When Mother's baking gingerbread,
The thought of it stays in my head.

I try to water plants, or sew,
But gingerbread is all I know.

I try to sit still in a chair,
But ginger-smell is everywhere.

Then Mother takes it out, and I
Am always very much nearby.

Before she cuts a piece, I know
How it will taste—from waiting so.

all thoughtfully named, too.

Marianne and Peggy Joan are looking forward to the acquisition of one of Oomphie's kittens. Oomphie is the cat in the corner grocery store. How Oomphie's offspring will get along with the three dogs now occupying the Moylan house doesn't worry Marianne and Peggy Joan. Their mother doesn't care much for pets, but her feeble "no more pets" has been voted down. First came Rascal, a smooth-haired terrier, then Chief, a cocker, and lately, Buster, an English beagle. Their favorite is the cocker, whom Peggy Joan also calls "Sweetest Sweetie-pie of all Romeos."

What they really want is a young horse that can grow up with them. Mrs. Moylan is dismayed at the thought of

adding this pet to the backyard group. But it is still fifty-fifty whether or not she will be overruled again. She thinks bicycles are enough. But the Moylan girls can ride horseback and don't see why they shouldn't do it on their own horse.

When their cousin lived next door they used to have some trouble with him and his attitude toward their pets. In the tree back of the house they had a robins' nest with three eggs, and one morning they found one egg broken. They had a good idea who had done it and poured white sand (from the beach) over the dark path from the cousin's house to the tree. Sure enough, next day another egg was broken and footsteps the size of the cousin's were all along the sand. They called him over, made him fit his feet into the marks, and the culprit was caught.

Aviation, model airplanes, and all things having to do with flying have become more and more important to the two. Instead of wanting to go into the theater or concert singing when they grow up, they both want to be plane pilots. Imagine the thrill they got recently when the postman brought them a letter from a Canadian R.A.F. bomber ferry pilot. He wrote that he listened to their program while ferrying bombers to Britain, high above the Atlantic Ocean. He told them how much he enjoyed their harmony, and said if they would answer his letter, he would send them each a souvenir from Canada. Now the postman never has to ring twice at the door of the Moylan house in Sag Harbor. Marianne and Peggy Joan are there waiting for word from their ferry pilot.

Whether Marianne and Peggy Joan give in to the demands of the sponsors and do more programs on the air, or whether they sing on only their present two programs, you may be sure they are in favor of keeping to a way of life like any American girl's. They are everyday girls!

ON YOUR



Instructors from one of Arthur Murray's coast-to-coast dance studios demonstrate his magic step. Reading from the left you see first the starting position, then step three, then a variation

Your dancing becomes easier and smoother if you learn the magic step described in this helpful article

By ARTHUR MURRAY

*Director of America's Most
Famous School of Dancing*

OF COURSE you want to dance well. You want to have fun. You want those stags to do more than cast a glance in your direction. You want to be happy, and gay, and popular. No one skill will give you all these things, but being a good dancer certainly helps! Dancing today isn't all on the toes as it used to be, but being a good dancer puts you mentally and socially on your toes.

Maybe you're holding back because you feel awkward, or self-conscious. The best way to overcome that uncomfortable feeling is more dancing. Yes, to acquire gracefulness and poise learn to be a smooth dancer. You'll find that dancing makes all your muscles work together and that makes you graceful, and gives you good posture. You'll look as if you know, just what you're doing, and you

will know. The self-confidence gained in this way will be reflected not only in your dancing but also in the way you carry yourself in daily life. It does something to you to know you do something really well!

Dancing is fun, so relax! If you hold yourself stiffly, your partner will feel as though he's pushing three hundred pounds instead of leading about one-third of that, and you'll be off balance. Relaxing doesn't mean seeing how far you can stick out front and back, or burrowing coily into your partner's shoulder. Resist the urge to watch your feet because it will only make you dizzy on the turns. Instead, smile over your partner's right shoulder, move your shoulders and knees easily, and keep your tummy and posterior tucked in. And you don't have to make small talk! A

"you're wonderful" smile and silence will flatter him into thinking he's such a divine dancer that there aren't words to express it.

Oddly enough, to be a good dancer you must learn to lead as well as to follow. The belief used to be that girls should never lead because then they couldn't be led. But experience proves that when you know the boy's part as well as your own, you have a better understanding of what steps he may do. You and your girl friends can practice leading one another—and will the boys be surprised at how well you follow!

Another surprising discovery made after twenty-five years of teaching dancing is that three-fourths of all popular steps are merely variations of one easy step! Try it yourself. This is such a simple discovery that I wonder no one made it before.

I call this the magic rhythm step because it can be changed so easily into any one of over thirty other steps. The rhythm of the magic step—two slow and two quick steps—may be used in numerous variations.

TOES!

Young Deanna Durbin and Robert Stack do some graceful steps in "First Love"

Here is the magic step

Try both following and leading—remembering that the best dancers know how to do both. If you're taking the girl's part:..

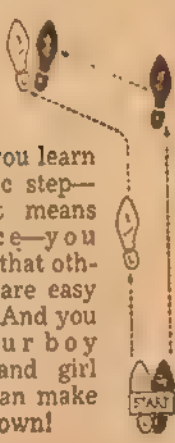
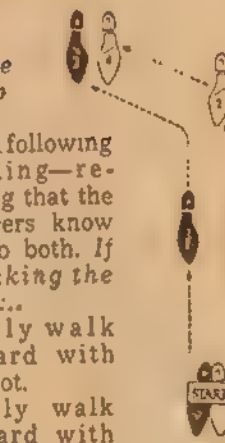
- (1) Slowly walk backward with right foot.
- (2) Slowly walk backward with left foot.
- (3) Quickly step to the right side with right foot.
- (4) Quickly draw left foot up to right.

If you're doing the leading in practicing this magic step, the routine is, of course, just reversed.

- (1) Slowly walk forward with the left foot.
- (2) Slowly walk forward with the right foot.
- (3) Quickly step to the left side with left foot.
- (4) Quickly draw right foot up to left.

Note that the first two steps are done slowly, the last two quickly. The rhythm is slow, slow, quick, quick.

After you learn the magic step—and that means practice—you will find that other steps are easy to learn. And you and your boy friends and girl friends can make up your own!



A breechy colt with a gleam in her eye causes a great to-do

"Avast, there! What are you doing in my cowpeas?" shouted Captain Penny-packer, glowering



Thanks, MATILDA!

JANEY caught her breath sharply, and dropped the long wooden spoon into the big iron pot of raspberry jam bubbling on the hob in the fire-place. Crash! the sound came to her again.

"Oh," she gasped, "Matilda's out!" and fled toward the noise her long skirts flapping around her legs.

Janey stared miserably at the fence bars, lying on the ground,

By MAY McNEER

and then over to the west field where George and Andy and James and the Major were working with the team of oxen. Could she get Matilda back and put up the fence bars before they found out? She fingered a small lump in her pocket and thought she might. Janey swerved around and followed the hoofprints into the rough

dirt road where the tracks plainly led north toward the next farm.

Pictures flew through Janey's unhappy thoughts as she jogged along, flashes of the serene life she had led with Aunt Amanda in England. But that had ended a year ago when her father, Major Sparks, sent for his four motherless children to help him carve a home out of the wilderness in Canada, on a grant of

land given to him by his country.

Janey halted at the Pennypacker clearing and looked anxiously at the field of hay and oats, studded with stumps, and at the quiet log cabin. A gentle breeze brought to her ears a nasal tune from behind the barn: "O, a sailor lad am I, am I, a sailor lad am I." Then Janey heard a crunching noise in the cowpea field, and saw that the fence was down at one corner. She ran for Matilda, grasped the black colt by the mane.

"Avast, there! What are you doing in my cowpeas?"

An old man rolled toward them on sailor legs. Janey quailed at the bristling white whiskers and furious sea-blue eyes.

"Shiver my timbers! Has that colt eaten my peas?"

"Oh, Captain Pennypacker, I—I'm sorry." Janey tugged frantically at Matilda. "She wants those peas because we haven't any."

"Oh, she wants my good peas, does she? 'Twould be like the horse of a soldier to pillage other folks' crops. That's the army for you, always robbing and stealing. Hoist your sails and get out. And if I catch that colt here again. . . ." He shook his knotty fist.

Janey pulled at Matilda, who jerked her head away like the wild thing that she was, and would not move. But her nose came down, and she followed, sniffing, when Janey held out to her a lump of maple sugar.

When Matilda was in the road Janey drew a breath of relief as she climbed on a stump and to Matilda's back, holding back the sugar until she was on. Matilda trotted meekly home, crunching sugar with her strong teeth. But Janey was hot and angry by the time she had tied the colt up in the paddock and put the heavy fence bars in place. She walked wearily to the house, and had no sooner reached it than she heard the boys clattering up—and dinner not yet ready. She rushed wildly about, slamming plates and cups on the scrubbed oak table, pushing the pots of potatoes and venison closer to the flame.

Andy clumped in, lazily brush-

ing a long lock of black hair out of his face as he dropped to a bench. The door slammed—and that was James, shrilly whistling "The British Grenadiers" through his broken tooth, Yankee fashion. George bent his tall shoulders through the doorway, and came to lay a gentle, reassuring hand on Janey's shoulder. Then the Major marched in, as if to the music of a regimental band, and sat down at the table.

But they had scarcely taken up their forks when loud footsteps rattled the front steps and they saw in astonishment that Captain Pennypacker stood in the doorway, legs apart, as if on his heaving quarterdeck. The Major rose stiffly, his eyes gleaming angrily.

"What do you want, coming where sailors are not welcome?"

Captain Pennypacker's white whiskers quivered indignantly, as he shouted: "Belay, there! Your colt has the spirit of the wild bush in her, or of thieving soldiers. She ruined my cowpeas today. I came to tell you that if you don't get rid of her I will give her a broadside with my musket."

"We will not get rid of her!" roared Major Sparks, taking a step forward with a meaning glance up at his gun over the mantel.

Captain Pennypacker wheeled before the enemy advance, and stumbled hastily out of the door, completely routed. But he yelled hoarsely as he went: "If that colt troubles my crops again I'll sink her!"

"Bah!" snorted the Major. "He couldn't hit anything if he did shoot. Sailor! Bah!"

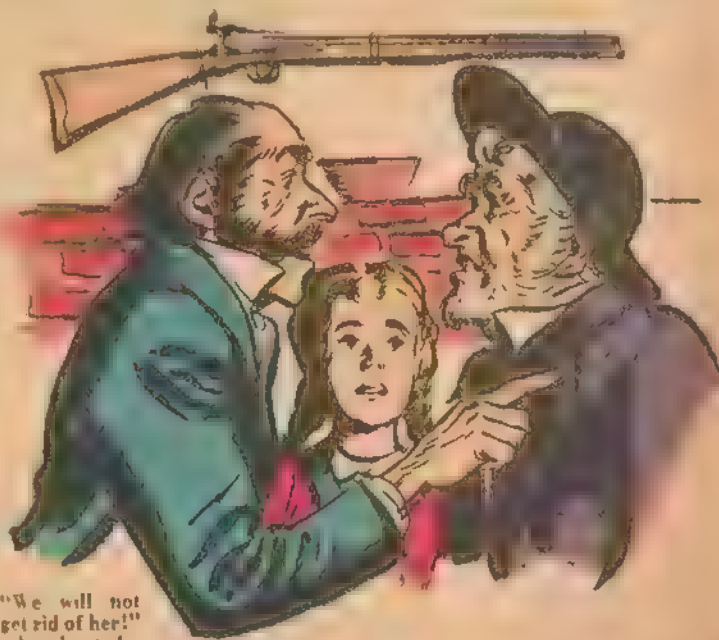
Janey sat down at the table, weak as water, and James spoke unthinkingly as he shoveled food to his plate.

"That Matilda, she is a breachy horse. And a breachy horse will knock down any fence, as long as she lives." He counted off her crimes on his fingers. "First she breaks out and tramples our garden; then she keeps us up all night hunting her in the bush; and now she eats our neighbor's peas."

"Hmm," frowned George, glancing unhappily at Janey. "I thought she got out today, as the fence rails weren't as I left them. We'll have to do something about that colt."

"Well," Andy drawled, "Captain Pennypacker's the only neighbor we have here for twenty miles, except old Josh back in the bush; and he's queer, wandering around all the time. We ought to be friends with our neighbors, as we used to in the old country."

"Friends, bah!" snapped the



"We will not get rid of her!" he shouted

Major, twisting his fierce mustache. "Friends with that deck-swabbing sailor! And a bad farmer, too. Leaves his tools out to rust in the rain, puts his hay in the barn before the coils are dry. Bah!"

Dinner over, the Major marched out as if to parade. Andy slouched along. James sang lustily: "Good-bye ye Spanish ladies, farewell ye ladies of Spain." But George's face was troubled as he stooped to go through the doorway.

As Janey swept and washed up and got out her brothers' clothes for mending, she kept dropping everything to run out to the paddock to see Matilda. The colt eagerly nuzzled Janey's hand, but found no sugar there.

"Matilda," spoke Janey sternly, "if you don't behave better the boys will have to sell you—or you will be shot. You've just got to stay inside this fence."

Matilda looked at Janey with soft brown eyes, for a moment like her English namesake, the gentle pony Janey had ridden on the windy moors at home. Janey smiled, then frowned uneasily. Was that a wicked gleam in Matilda's eye?

Nothing more was said about the colt, but Janey could see that the men were anxious about her, too. She heard George say to James, "Better tie her in the barn tonight." But when Janey had climbed her steep ladder to her loft bedroom she could not rest easily. Yet she heard nothing but the long, lonely cry of the loon on the lake, and so at last she dropped into a deep sleep.

"Matilda's out!"

Janey sat up in bed, her honey-colored braids flopping over her shoulders. Below was the sound of boots hastily drawn on, and a flicker of light shone through the cracks in the floor of the loft. Then silence, and the light disappeared toward the road. In the dark Janey threw on clothes, shoes and coat and climbed down the ladder like a monkey. There was no other lantern, and she felt her way to the maple sugar dish, and then out to the road. But she

could not hope to catch up with the long strides of the men, and knew she must take the short cut by the lake. Janey stumbled into the dark forest, like a deep black cave, and struggling, falling, she felt her way toward the lake. At first her heart almost stopped beating, as she thought that she might get lost; but then her feet sank into marshy grass and she saw a million stars spattering the sky above her upturned face. And now she went along the sides of the lake, and into the wild raspberry patch where the prickly bushes ripped her dress and drew blood from her hands. She tried not to remember that bears liked berries, and that George had warned

her to be careful when she was picking there.

And then at last she sobbed with relief, for there stood the Pennypacker barn, big and black before her. What was that? Janey forgot how tired she was and ran swiftly toward the field of cowpeas. In the dim light of the stars she saw some creatures jumping through a break in the fence, just where the rails had been down yesterday, and heard them squealing, grunting; and from the far end she could hear the loud whinnying of Matilda.

"Oh," gasped Janey, "shingle pigs from the bush! Matilda let them in."

She rushed into the field and



Janey climbed her steep ladder to her loft bedroom. But she could not rest easily because she was worried about Matilda's escapades.

managed somehow to grasp Matilda by the dangling rope that Andy had used to tie her.

"Come on!" she shrieked at the colt. "Don't you hear the captain yelling over there now?"

Janey dug into her pocket for the maple sugar, and held it in front of Matilda's nose. And Matilda never had to think twice about sugar. Cowpeas were good, but sugar was better. She followed meekly out of the field into the edge of the dark forest beyond. Janey clapped her hands over her ears. The Captain was pursuing pigs around and around in the field, yelling, roaring, shooting. And now the Major and the boys joined in, also chasing pigs, trying to avoid the flying bullets.

"Whoa, now. Look at your barn!" broke in a loud voice from the road. Janey could see nothing, but that sounded like old Josh, the squatter from back in the bush, who was always wandering around. Then she glanced at the barn and gasped. A gray, puffy cloud of smoke was drifting from the small window in the hayloft. Fire! Janey tied Matilda to a tree and followed the men running toward the barn.

On the ladder at the loft door she could see George, coughing with smoke, throwing on water from buckets handed to him by Andy and Josh. And she bit her lip in terror as she saw her father, side by side with the Captain, inside the loft beating out the flames. She turned to see James tugging at the animals, and ran to help lead the cow and the oxen to safety. Then they returned with bucket after bucket of water until Janey felt that her arms could not lift another load.

"All out!" rang the voice of the Major.

Captain Pennypacker looked around in the rosy dawn light and saw Janey, who turned to find Matilda reaching out an eager mouth for sugar. Janey glanced at the boys, who looked at the Major, who in turn looked at Captain Pennypacker. He was smoothing down his blackened whiskers. Then they all turned their eyes on Matilda,



They returned with bucket after bucket of water until Janey felt that her arms could not lift another

who stared back, unabashed. Janey felt her heart go thump into her shoes.

"What are you doing here, daughter?" asked the Major brusquely.

"I came to get Matilda," she replied in a small voice.

"Well, shipmates," boomed the Captain, "that colt ruined my cowpeas and let in all the shingle pigs in this quarter of the bush. But by all the jumping porpoises in the waters of the Indies, she did me a good turn, getting my neighbors here in the night."

"'Tis true," snapped Major Sparks, "you could not have dealt with even so small a fire without reinforcements. And you know, don't you," he fixed the Captain with a scornful eye, "that 'twas caused by putting your hay in when it was not dry? Bad farming."

Captain Pennypacker swelled like a sail with the wind rising, then collapsed.

"Avast, there! And I think you are right. But 'tis too much work for me alone. I would hire a crew to help, but where can I get a shipmate now with all the work so heavy hereabouts?"

Major Sparks' thick eyebrows

drew together as he answered.

"James," he barked, "report here for duty tomorrow. We are neighbors. But what about my lass's breachy colt?"

Captain Pennypacker scowled at Matilda.

"Never mind the colt," he muttered kindly. "Better lost a field of peas than the whole farm by fire."

"What'll you do with her, Janey?" teased James. "A breachy horse is always a breachy horse."

They all stared at her. And Janey thought until her head ached, but she couldn't think of any way of keeping that colt tied and inside fences. Then she heard the husky voice of old Josh the squatter.

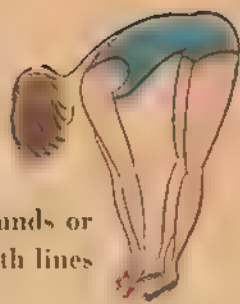
"I'll show you how to make a hobble for your colt, missy," he drawled. "I learned how to handle horses when I lived out on the plains in the west. I kin teach you how to get the best of a breachy colt."

"Oh, thank you," breathed Janey joyfully.

She looked triumphantly at Matilda, who stared back at her. Was that, or was that not, wondered Janey uncomfortably, a wicked gleam in her eye?



How Do You FIGURE?



Figures don't lie! Whether you need to subtract pounds or add, these suggestions will help you to present smooth lines

JUDGING from the letters received by this department, more girls are bothered by the problem of cutting a good figure than by any other aspect of keeping smooth. So, since there's not enough space to answer thoroughly questions on a number of other good looks difficulties which came in—like freckles, cosmetics, hairdos—we're concentrating in this article on how to get your figure into shape for those enchanting new fall and winter clothes. Or to make the most of last year's, for that matter.

Chances are you're bothered by problems of subtraction or addition. And maybe you're one of those who could have more fun if your friends would stop calling you Fatty. You may hate the way your figure looks. And you know you ought to do something about it. You don't have to suffer torture to take off a few pounds. Neither do you have to do without that trip to the soda fountain.

If you have let yourself slip into a "fatty," it's a sign you have lost a little pride. You have also lost a little "fight." So first of all, take pride in the way you look, so much pride that you want a good figure enough to work for it.

Weighing yourself regularly is as important as your pride, because the whole secret of losing weight is to do it gradually but to keep at it. Have a regular time to weigh yourself—say, once a week on Tuesday. It's best to weigh as soon as you get up in the morning. That's easy if you have bathroom scales. But not having them is no excuse for not weighing. Maybe you have a friend who has scales at home. Or you can

By NELL GILES

Author of
"Susan, Be Smooth!"

find accurate scales in a drug-store or at school. Using them is worth a penny! Weigh always at the same time of day (just before dinner is good, if

Virginia Weidler gets this way through proper diet and exercise



you can't do it before breakfast), on the same day of the week, on the same scales. Don't weigh every day: you will be discouraged at the slow progress you make and you'll try to speed up the reducing process by leaving off some foods you really need.

All we have to say about losing weight takes for granted that it is your fault and not the fault of a physical disability that you are too fat. And we're also taking for granted that you actually are too fat. You know it's much easier to wear clothes well if you are a girl with curves rather than a girl with angles. But suppose that yours are more than curves; they're bulges! And so you decide that ten pounds or five pounds or three pounds must come off.

There are two ways to lose weight: by diet and by exercise. For effective reducing, you should use both. On the subject of diet, we're like your old Dutch uncle. We think you need meat, potatoes, and sweets as well as the milk, fruits, and vegetables which give you a balanced diet. We are all against fads for doing without all starches or all meats, because while doing without starches takes off pounds, it also takes the tone of your skin and the strength of your muscles.

You can make a simple little rule, however, so that your diet is no problem: Never let yourself takes a second helping; never eat a starchy food like potatoes or rice without eating a green or yellow vegetable or fruit at the same meal; never eat more than one sweet a day and let that be a natural sweet,

not a "made" dessert. Just forget your passion for pie and cake and pudding, and every time you are tempted to break this diet rule, think about something else. Do something with action each time you are tempted to sit at the table and eat just one more helping. When everyone else wants to go to the drugstore for a soda, make yours orange juice or fresh limeade or tomato juice. And don't be surprised if you start a fashion! Any smart girl can turn a liability into an asset if she likes what she's doing.

To lose weight you also need to harden your muscles with exercise. And don't forget that exercise won't do the trick if at the same time you eat lots of starches and drink lots of sodas and eat second and third helpings. Here are three simple streamliners to do every morning and night, ten times each.

(1) *For a waistline*—Lie flat on the floor with arms straight out. Keep your shoulders flat on the floor and twist your body at the waist as you try to touch your right hand with your left foot; back to position and reverse the movement.

(2) *For a flat stomach* (and this is one the men in the Navy do)—Lie flat on the floor. Slowly raise your right leg and then your left as high as you can bring it off the floor without bending your knees. Now both legs together.

(3) *For hard, slim thighs*—Sit on the floor; keep your balance by holding your arms out; now cross your left leg over the right as far as you can. Use a rolling movement so that the weight is entirely on your thigh against the floor. Reverse the movement.

Some Girls Need to Gain

We've spent a lot of words on the problem of losing weight but gaining is just as important! If you are the thin, scrawny type you probably wish you had more pounds. You hate to be seen in a bathing suit and you spent hours this summer trying to hide a bony neck!

Just slow down a little and let yourself be lazy. Sleep at

least an hour more each night—and take that extra hour on the night shift, not on the morning side.

But quieting down is not the only way to gain weight and be prettier; you must also diet and exercise. So we make the same suggestion to you that we did to Fatty! Set a goal for gaining weight and weigh at the same time each week. Keep a record.

Your diet should be a pleasure. You can eat as much as you like and as often as you like, if you'll just remember that too many sweets will ruin your skin quicker than they'll give you extra pounds. When you feel hungry—and you should get the hungry habit in the middle of morning and afternoon as well as at regular mealtime—drink a glass of chocolate milk, a milkshake, a malted milk, or whole milk and eat a cookie. We are all for curves which say you are healthy as well as built for clothes!

Here are some exercises for you. Since your thinness is usually above the waist, we've planned two simple ones for rounding out the bones that

show. Do these ten times each, night and morning.

(1) Sit or stand with your back straight and with your fingertips at the back of your neck, your elbows in a straight line with your body. With your neck perfectly relaxed, roll your head in a circle—down, side, back, side, and front.

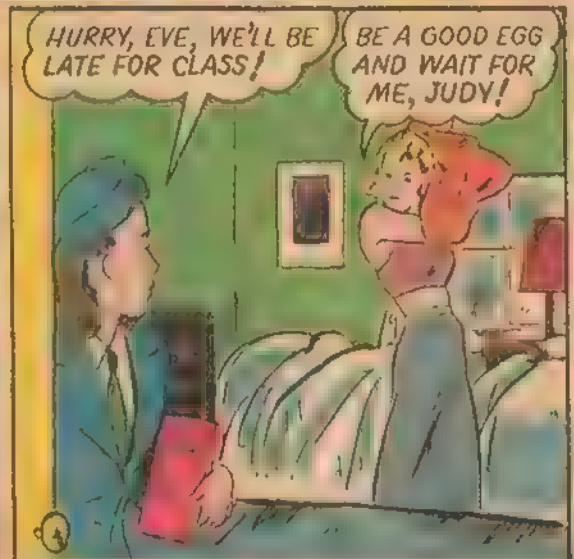
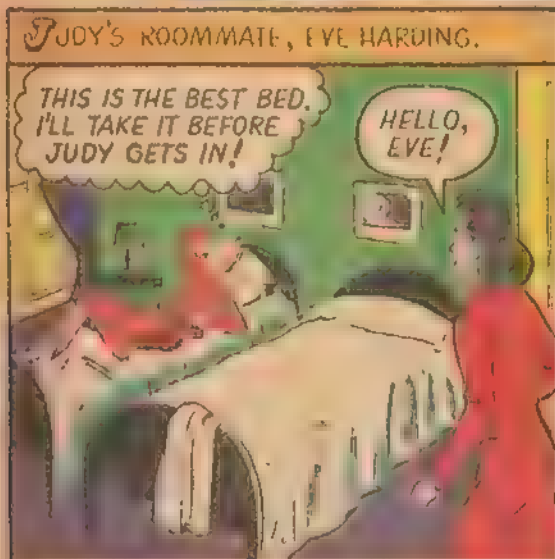
(2) Lie flat on the floor on your stomach. Reach back and clasp your ankles and try to straighten out your knees. This will pull your shoulders up off the floor.

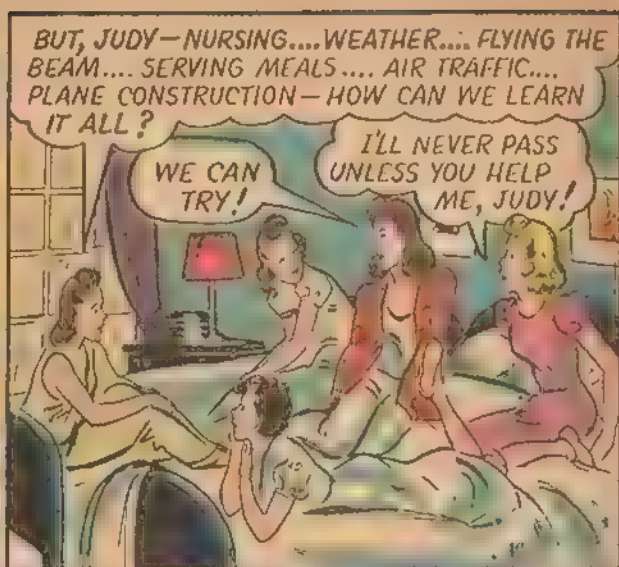
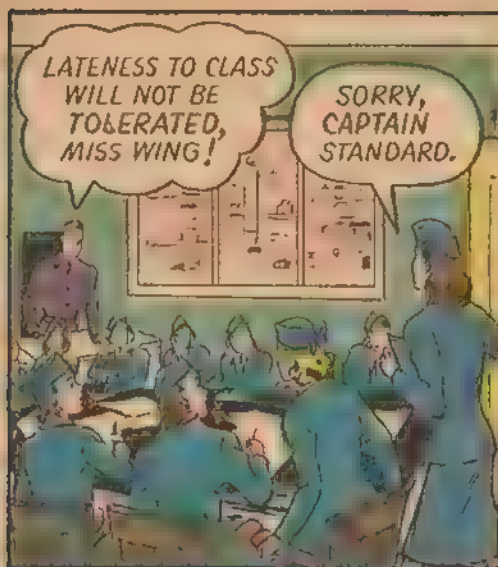
Best of all exercises to take off weight or put it on are tennis, swimming, rowing. And besides streamlining your figure, these sports will give you a popularity rating. You can be so good at them that you are in great demand. And have a lot of fun, too!

Tell us what is your greatest problem in being smooth. As many as possible will be answered in the next issue of this magazine. Address your letters to The Make-the-Most-of-Your-Looks Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.

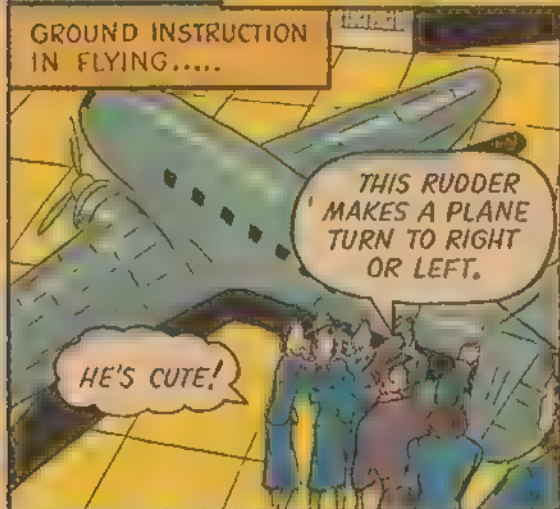


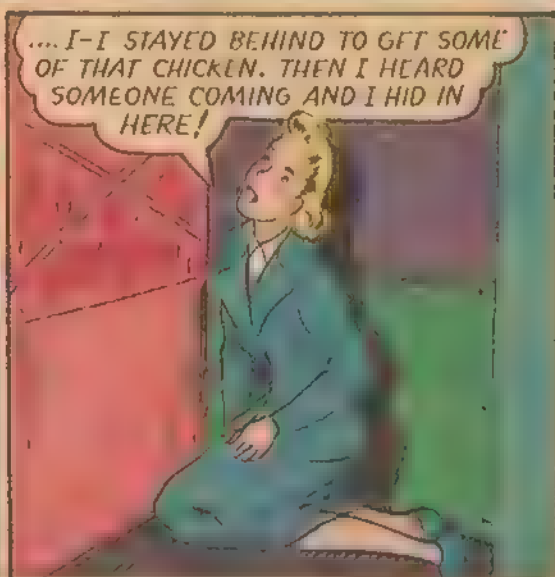
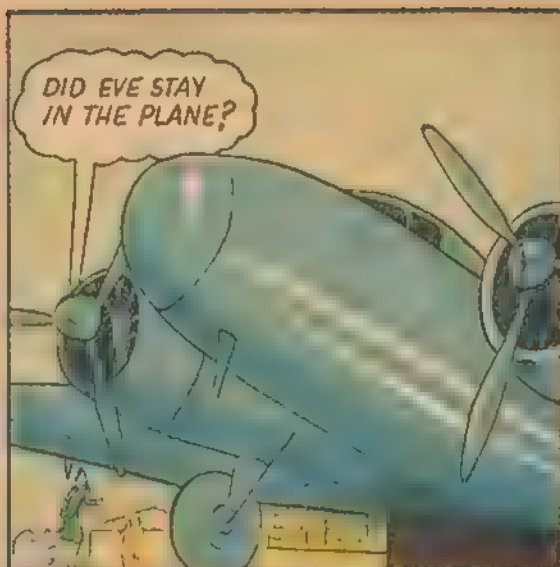
Bicycling, a favorite outdoor sport of Jane Withers who will soon be seen in "Small Town Deb," is a fine exercise for reducing thighs





AIR HOSTESSES MUST LEARN MANY THINGS.....



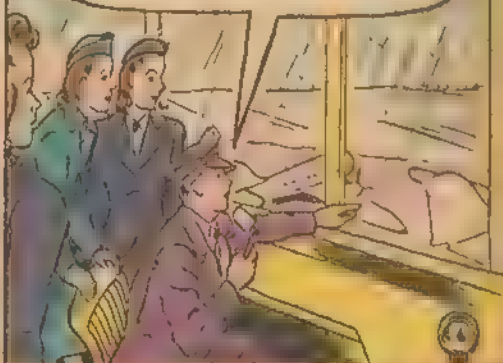


MEANWHILE IN THE CONTROL TOWER AT LAGUARDIA FIELD,...

BY RADIO, WE TELL PLANES WHEN THEY CAN TAKE OFF OR WHEN THEY CAN LAND, AND ALL PLANES HEADED THIS WAY REPORT TO US BY RADIO.



SEE THAT PLANE YOU JUST LEFT, GIRLS? I'M GIVING IT PERMISSION TO TAKE OFF.



BUT JUDY AND EVE ARE ON THAT PLANE!

I'VE FOUND THE KEY!



EVE!
THE PLANE'S
TAKING OFF!



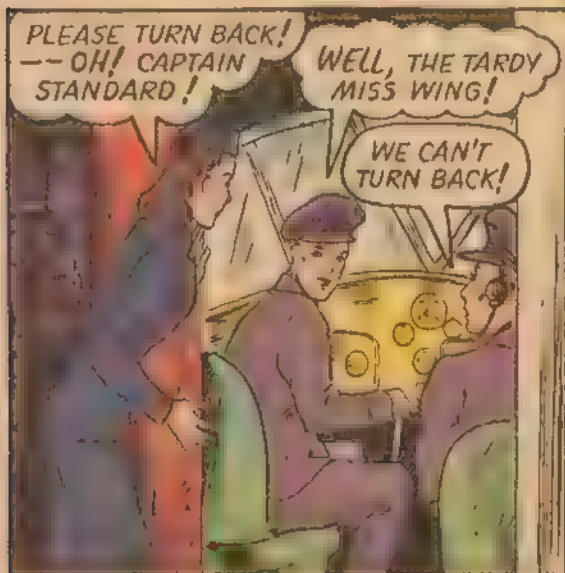
WE'RE IN THE AIR!
I'M AFRAID!
I'VE GOT TO
TELL THE
PILOT TO LET US
OFF!



PLEASE TURN BACK!
-- OH! CAPTAIN
STANDARD!

WELL, THE TARDY
MISS WING!

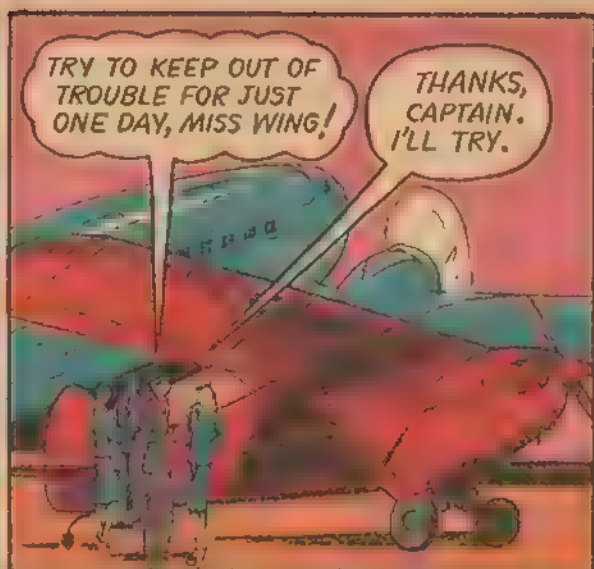
WE CAN'T
TURN BACK!



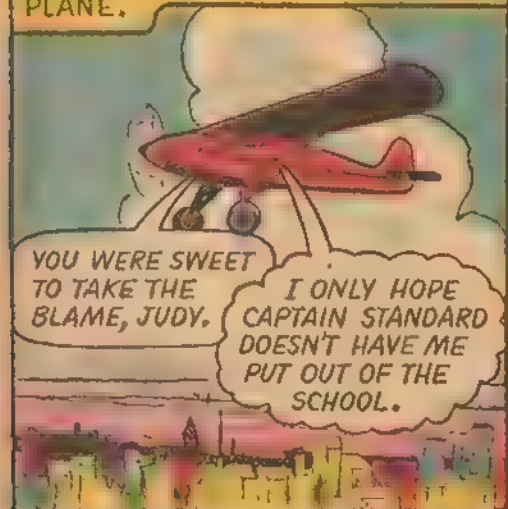
RADIO THE CONTROL
STATION THEY'RE ON
BOARD.

OH!

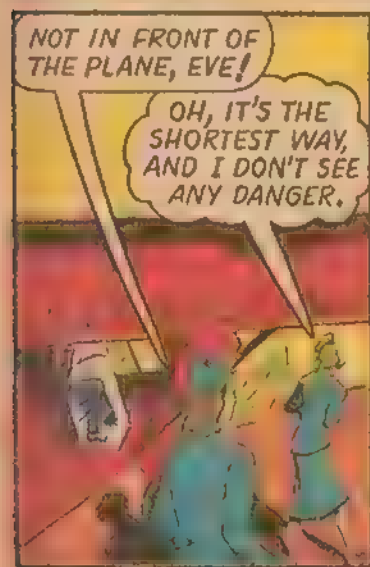
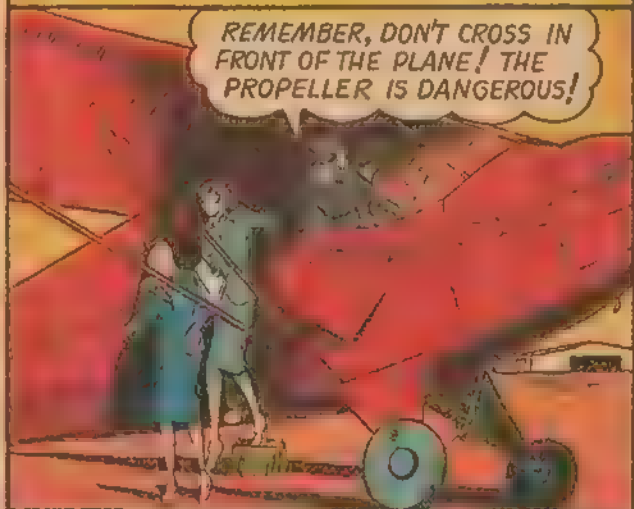




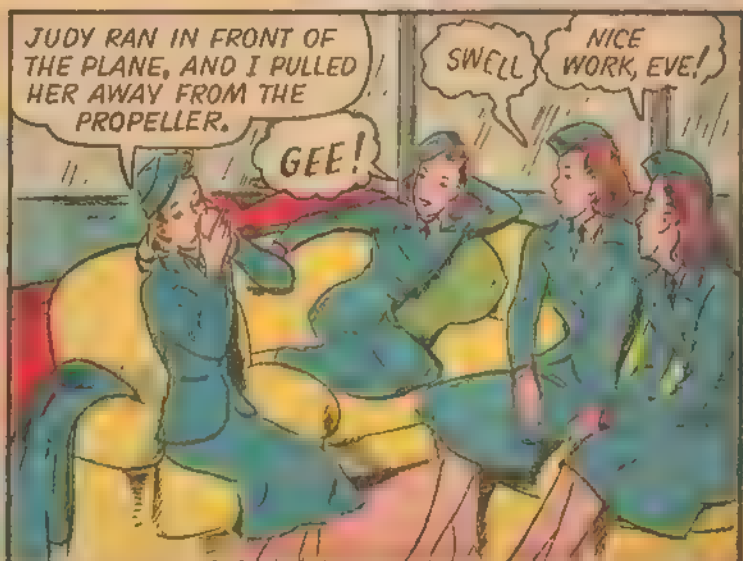
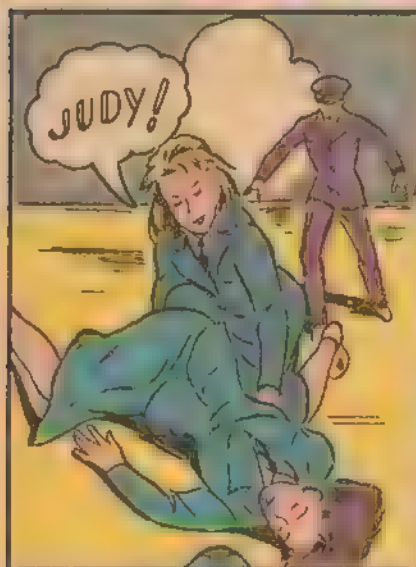
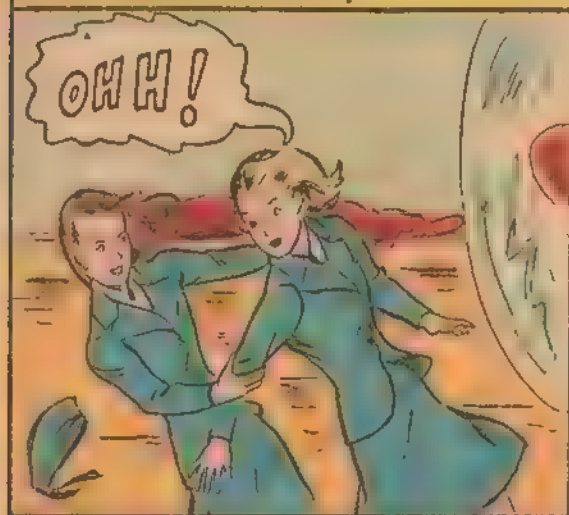
BACK TO THE AIRPORT IN A SPECIAL
PLANE.



BACK AT LA GUARDIA FIELD.



CAN JUDY SAVE HER ?



THE HEAD OF THE SCHOOL VISITS JUDY....

THIS IS JUDY WING, WHO SAVED MISS HARDING'S LIFE BY HER COURAGE AND QUICK THINKING!

YOU'RE THE SORT OF GIRL WE WANT FOR AN AIR HOSTESS!

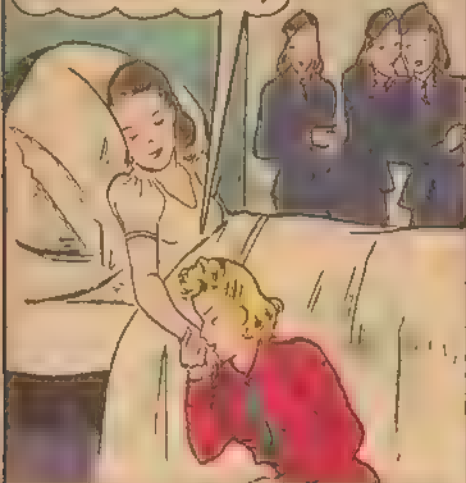


EVE SAID SHE SAVED YOU! WE OUGHT TO TELL ON HER!

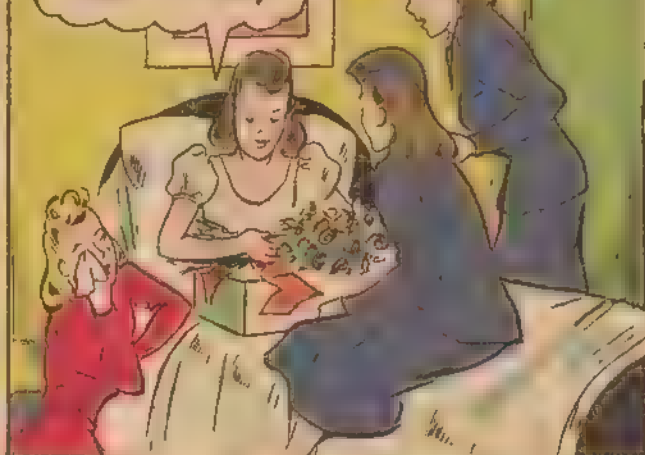
PLEASE DON'T BE ANGRY AT EVE. SHE DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM.



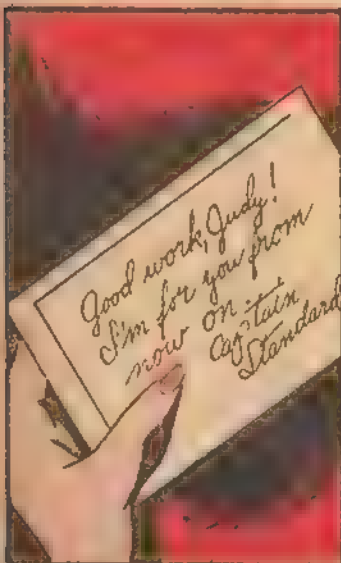
FORGIVE ME, JUDY. I'LL NEVER CHEAT AGAIN!



ROSES! WHO CAN THEY BE FROM?

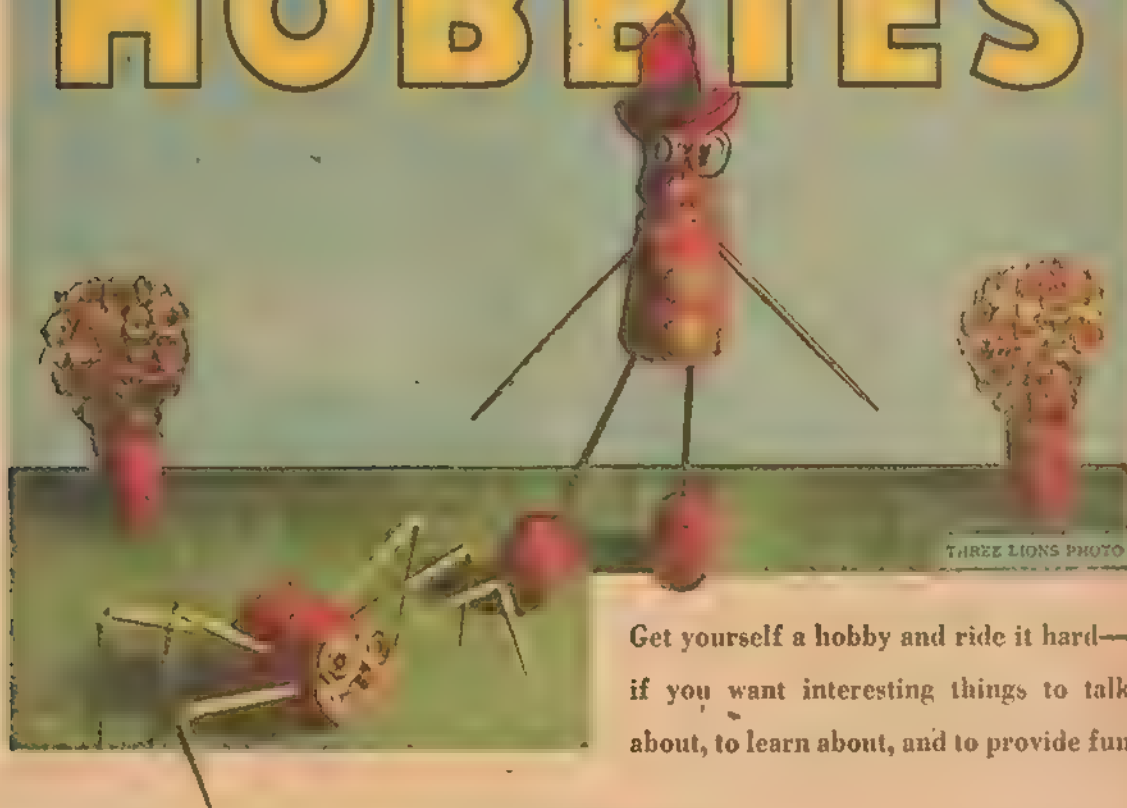


JUDY'S GETTING ALL THE BREAKS. I'LL HAVE TO SEE THAT SHE DOESN'T OUTSHINE ME.



SO EVE HASN'T LEARNED HER LESSON! WHAT WILL SHE DO TO JUDY? SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF **CALLING ALL GIRLS!** FOR FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JUDY WING AS SHE WORKS TO BECOME AIR HOSTESS NO. 1.

SPEAKING OF HOBBIES



Get yourself a hobby and ride it hard—
if you want interesting things to talk
about, to learn about, and to provide fun

TO BE interesting, one must be interested" is an old saying, but it's as true and fresh as if it had just popped up this minute. No one is as much of a bore as an ick who's bored. Here's where hobbies come in. They're the swell-est way to get an interest. When you adopt something as a hobby, you get to know all about that thing. And when you know all about something it's easy to talk about it. And there you are—with a card up your sleeve, or should we say a rabbit? Then, when it's up to you to start a conversation, you can always begin on your hobby and that starts the ball rolling.

Another thing that deserves mention, speaking of hobbies, is presents. If you have a hobby, when Christmas and birthdays roll around, people remember it and give you something relat-

By ELIZABETH KING

ing to it. Then you don't have to try to be grateful for handkerchiefs or some other practical thing that you'd get anyway. It can work the other way, too, for when your hobby is making things, you can make really individual gifts for your friends and relations.

Speaking roughly—and we do mean roughly—hobbies can be classed in four groups: doing things, collecting things, making things, and learning. But the rough part of it is that the groups overlap so much. You can't collect things, or do things, or make them without learning, even at the very beginning. And it's hard to learn about butterflies, or rocks, or stamps, or the thousand other things that make hobbies, without doing some collecting, too.

But here's a suggestion: if you have already decided upon your hobby and it's one that can be classed as collecting or learning, take on another and let that one be a making-things hobby. You wouldn't have hands if you couldn't use them, and every girl can experiment until she finds something she can do well. We don't know a person who can't make things with his hands who didn't wish he could. There's really nothing that can give you more of a thrill than making something yourself. You may not like to sew or knit but that does not mean that you can't use your hands. If you look around you're sure to find something that you can do well and enjoy.

It seems natural to walk, but when you watch a baby, you know what a lot of practice it takes for a human being to



One of Gloria Jean's hobbies is collecting dolls. She has two hundred representing many countries and famous people. Here she is with some of them

learn to use his feet. Just the same, people aren't born with the ability to use pencil and brush, hammer and saw; but by experiment and practice they master them. Of course, you may not learn to paint like a Rembrandt, but that doesn't mean that you can't paint well enough to get oodles of fun out of it. And that's the point of any hobby—having fun.

About the first thing to do is to take stock of yourself. And the best way to do that is to think of what you do the times when there's nothing hanging over your head—no homework, nor chores, nor what-have-you—the times when you can do just as you please. That will give you something to start on, and then we might give you a few hints

Studying birds is about one of the grandest hobbies you can have if you live in the country. All you need to start with is a bird book—you can get that from the library. The family opera glasses are useful, too. And maybe you can save enough from your allowance or make enough by doing chores to buy inexpensive binoculars for yourself. But a word about the family opera glasses—it is safest to tie them on a ribbon around your neck if you start out in the woods, to make sure they don't get away from you. After you know the kinds of birds that live in your neighborhood, you can build bird houses and a feeding shelf, and

even make a cement bird bath.

Many people like to make or collect miniature things. Like Mrs. Thorne's miniature rooms that were at the New York and San Francisco World's Fairs and have since been touring the country. And speaking of miniature rooms makes us think of doll houses. That's a hobby ever so many famous people have adopted. Queen Mary, mother of the present King of England, has had one for years and years, and a marvelous one, too. So has Colleen Moore, the movie actress. But the real fun of having a doll house is making the things yourself—the house and everything.

Of course a doll house suggests dolls and that can be a very interesting hobby. That would come under learning, making, and collecting. It might be a hobby of dolls in costumes of all the countries of the world, or of historical periods or people. We know a girl who did that and she got so interested that now she makes her dolls, too, because the shapes of store dolls are not the proper shapes for the historical figures she wants to make. She makes her dolls on a foundation of strong, pliable wire wound with cotton and covered with flesh-colored jersey cloth. She makes the hair of fine wool and paints the faces herself. They are really lovely. If foreign or historical costumes don't appeal to you and you still like dressing dolls, why not dress them after your favorite

movie star? Copy the costumes she wears in all her pictures. You'll find it fun.

Another thought, if you happen to dislike sewing and yet like dolls and costumes, is to make your own paper dolls with the changes of dress down the ages, with all the accessories, hats, bags, coats, and all the rest. The public library is sure to have tons of well-illustrated books on the history of costumes. Crayons are apt to rub, so it is more practical to use water colors and then shellac them.

Marionettes, hand puppets, and peep shows are grand fun and a hundred times more so if you write your own plays and make your own scenery. With that kind of hobby you're all set if something comes along for which you want to make money. You can always get an audience for a good puppet show.

Aside from the puppets, making models for stage sets is an interesting hobby or, in fact, building any kind of models—ships, airplanes, houses, coach-

es, and what not. You can think of many other subjects.

If you like to use a hammer and saw, there are wooden toys and furniture to be made. A woman in New York used to build furniture out of box wood—the wood of crates that people usually throw away—and it was good furniture, too. So you see it can be done.

If you like nature study there are trees, wild flowers, butterflies, insects, minerals, shells—all kinds of things to learn about. Or you might take to breeding fish, dogs, cats, birds, or bees.

The feel of things might appeal to you—such as making pottery, making baskets, dyeing, soap sculpture, book binding, working in leather or metals, or weaving. If you'd like to experiment with weaving and haven't a real loom to try on, you can make one yourself out of ice-cream sticks or tongue depressors.

Or if you like to draw, there are woodcuts, and block printing (though it's easier to begin with linoleum), finger painting, book illuminating, water colors, oils, charcoal, chalk, pastels.

When a needle appeals to you and you like to sew, you'll get a kick out of making clothes. Besides that, you'll find making needlework pictures, maps, and samplers lots of fun. That is, if you make your own designs. You might build them around your own house and family or your pets or a story you like—say *Alice in Wonderland*—or maybe some proverbs or old mottoes.

But here we are at the end of our space and there are lots and lots of things we haven't mentioned, such as collecting stamps, autographs, coins, curios. Or building a hobby around books, cooking, the theater, art, fishing, music, history, story telling. Doing things like folk dancing, walking, and other sports. Studying things like astronomy, interior decorating, folk lore, flower arrangement. Or making experiments with chemicals.

It's up to you!



PHILHARMONEGG ORCHESTRA

THIS vigorous drummer is part of the Philharmonegg Orchestra. He's going to town on Ravel's "Bolero."

He's only one member of an entire orchestra, complete with soloists, created by the noted Swiss sculptor Rene Delacroix-Perrier. The artist became famous for his work depicting the gloomy side of life. He has gone in for such subjects as despair and mourning. As an antidote he developed a hobby of creating caricatures out of everyday things—eggs with their insides blown out, combs, scraps of paper, fountain pens, pieces of wire, pipe cleaners. Look around you, and quite possibly you will find a hobby in making figures from the most ordinary materials.

Old corks, for instance, seem pretty useless, except to replace broken corks. With the aid of a few toothpicks, however, a few buttons, pieces of wood cut out in circles, penciled heads of animals or men they provide lots of fun and amusing figures, like those on the preceding page, for table decorations, or dressing tables, or desks. A reader sent in to CALLING ALL GIRLS a gag gadget made of a cork cut in half, painted black with a painted face. With its small curtain-ring earrings attached with bent headless straight pins and its red and yellow wool hair, it is an intriguing lipel decoration held in place with a small safety pin glued to its back.

It's A Date!

DON is sauntering home from school with you. He stops talking, looks down at the ground, and kicks a pebble with his toe. His manner suggests that he is about to spring Something Important.

"Are you doing anything Saturday afternoon?" he blurts out, trying to sound very casual. It's a way men sometimes have.

You know that Don means "I want you to do something with me Saturday." Why does he beat about the bush? Why doesn't he say what it is? Must you "take it or leave it" without knowing what it is? If you say no, you have no "out," even if he invites you to spend the afternoon digging earthworms. If you say, "Yes, I am," you bar yourself from accepting whatever entertainment he is about to offer, even if it turns out to be a tea party in an airplane.

But don't be too hard on Don. You have probably done a little long-hook baiting yourself, like telephoning Sally. "Have you an engagement for Friday evening?" Besides, Don's manners are about as smooth as you can expect. They usually rate an A, or at least a B+. After he has asked if you mind his walking from school with you and you have given him a Queen-Elizabeth smile with the assurance that you don't, he promptly suggests taking your books for you. Of course, you won't hand them over to him, if he's carrying a small library already, and you won't let him take any girlish looking arm-dangler, such as a sweater, a vanity case, or a knitting bag.

No, you won't be fussy about Don's getting off on the wrong foot in asking you for a date.

By **ELEANOR BOYKIN**
Author of "This Way, Please:
A Book of Manners"



The inside story: She may but he must not be the sandwich filling

But you may decide to do a little about-the-bush-beating yourself. "Oh, we always find something to do on Saturday afternoons," you reply. No use trying to give the impression that you haven't any family to have fun with, and no sense, either, in sounding as if Don were your only hope of a good time. Boys may be gallant, but they don't enjoy feeling that they are a one-man rescue squad for a girl.

Don swings into his stride now, more at ease.

"I thought you might like to go with Sam and Margery and me to the fair," he says brightly.

"Oh, that would be lots of fun," you answer, putting at least a teaspoonful of enthusiasm into your words. "I'd love to go." Languid Lydias who murmur, as if their breath

might give out any minute, "Yes, I'll go," take all the starch out of a young man's pleasant anticipation.

It may be a basketball game in the school gymnasium, a dance, a ping-pong game at his house, a hike, or even a movie for which Don is cooking up a foursome. It makes no difference, if you agree to do it. Perhaps you can't accept, but you can oil your refusal with appreciativeness. "I'm so sorry, Don, but Saturday we're going to my cousin's in Douglasville to spend the day."

Or you may feel that you would rather sit on a stool all afternoon than go with Don and the others. Popular Pollys do not get that way by saying to themselves, "I can't be bothered with Don," and turning up their noses at invitations which don't come from Gary Cooper or Laurence Olivier. They look for things to like in people, and they have learned that you can't always tell ahead when you are going to have your best times. But better not to do what you are asked than to do it looking and feeling like Grumpy himself. You can say, "Thank you, Don; but I have made plans for Saturday," or something like that.

When you make an engagement, however, it should stand, like the ancient law of the Medes and Persians, which it was said "altereth not." Unless, as sometimes happens, circumstances come up that you could not foresee—you are taken ill, or some member of your family is, or you have to go away. There is a letter name for boys and girls who break dates because they change their minds.



If you have ever been the Forgotten Girl in a lively conversation, you know how this one feels—and you won't leave a newcomer out of party talk

or because they have an invitation they like better: P. S.'s (Poor Sports, not postscripts). They don't play the game according to rules. There may be times when a shift can be made happily for all. Let us say that a friend of your father invites you to visit his newspaper plant on the afternoon of your party. You consult Don and the others; they too think the trip would be exciting. There is a quick change of plans, which pleases everybody.

But suppose the first arrangement holds, and all meet at your house to start out. Unless you are in a place where you can have a whole road to yourselves, don't march off strung out four abreast, forcing good citizens to the curb or building line. And don't shout so that you bring the neighbors to the windows to see if by chance whooping Indians are on the warpath again, after all these years.

The boys will walk on the side toward the curb. This is an old custom that has been in existence much longer than the United States has, and people do not seem to intend to give it up. Even when a man has two lovely ladies under his protection (or indeed any number of the sex), he still is supposed to

walk, as the knights of old would have done, on the curb side of them, not sandwiched between them. When a girl has the luck to have two men escorting her, she may walk between them, like the rose between two thorns, for one of them will be in a man's traditional place—which is said to come from the days when he protected his lady from runaway horses.

Sometimes a boy walking with you may leave the outside honors to you. Don't let it run up your temperature. It isn't that serious. He may be the absent-minded type and is not thinking where he is. When you turn the corner, perhaps you can slip around on the inside. Or you might say, "Do you mind if I get on your right (or left)? I think I can keep step better." But walking for a short distance in reverse order will not be a tragedy.

Have you ever been the Forgotten Girl in a foursome or sixsome? The newcomer among several who have known each other since kindergarten? "Didn't we have fun that day at Alligator Beach?" "Remember the time Fred was showing us how the Pilgrims ran up Plymouth Rock and fell in the river in his brand new suit?" Then

loud roars of laughter. "Met any more rattlesnakes, Lucy?" They might as well have been talking Chinese, as far as you were concerned; and you might as well have been listening to the middle of a new radio serial. If this sort of thing has ever happened to you, you will see that it doesn't happen to somebody else when you are in the crowd. You will see that at least occasionally the conversation gets around to a topic that will keep the stranger from feeling like Puss-in-the-Corner. For instance, "What did you used to do on your holidays in Greasy Swamp, Henrietta?" or, "Ralph, I bet you'd know how to deal with a rattlesnake if you met one. You just look like it."

Whether you are at the fair, in somebody's gameroom, or at a party, time is a speedster. Keep in mind that the girls are the ones to call time on the party. Romeo is supposed to follow his lady's pleasure. It is his responsibility not to delay progress homeward but yours to give the signal for leaving, unless you ask him to be the timekeeper.

Don't forget the complimentary close—date-close, you might call it. "I had a grand time, Don," or "I'm so glad you thought of going to the fair"—something pleasant. This is the cherry that is the final touch to the icing on the cake.



It's up to you to say when—unless you ask your date to be timekeeper

THE FLYING CINDERELLA

DAILY PRESS

JACQUELINE COCHRAN
FLIES BIG
BOMBING
PLANE TO
ENGLAND!

SENATE PASSES
BILL FOR
WASHINGTON

ROOSEVELT
PROMISES
RUSH

DODGERS
MAKE

JACQUELINE COCHRAN
"FIRST LADY" OF THE AIRLINES

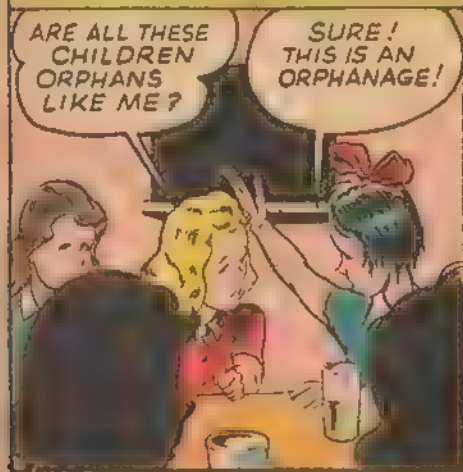
"JACKIE" COCHRAN STARTED
LIFE WITH NO ADVANTAGES.

ARE ALL THESE
CHILDREN
ORPHANS
LIKE ME?

SURE!
THIS IS AN
ORPHANAGE!

SHE HAD TO GO TO WORK WHEN SHE WAS 13.

I'M GOING TO
SAVE AND TAKE
A COURSE IN
BEAUTY PARLOR
WORK.



JACKIE HAD NO FARY GOD MOTHER, EXCEPT HARD WORK, BUT BY THE TIME SHE WAS 19, SHE OWNED HER OWN BEAUTY PARLOR.

I SUGGEST THIS DEEPER SHADE OF L.PSTICK.

90H

LATER, SHE GOT A JOB IN NEW YORK, AFTER WORK, AT ROOSEVELT FIELD ---

YOU WANT TO LEARN TO FLY? IT'LL TAKE LONGER BECAUSE YOU'RE A G RL.

SUPPOSE WE FIND OUT.

HER TENTH LESSON!

WHAT A SOLO FLIGHT!

JACKIE COCHRAN IS O.K.

SHE QUIT HER JOB AND WENT TO CALIFORNIA TO GET ANOTHER ONE.

I CAN GET IN MORE FLYING TIME IN CALIFORNIA.

BUYING HER FIRST PLANE!

THE PLANE IS FIFTH-HAND, MISS COCHRAN, BUT IT STILL FLIES.

I'LL TAKE IT.

NC.27412

SHE WENT TO LIEUTENANT
TED MARSHALL, CRACK
NAVAL PILOT.

I WANT THE
SAME TRAINING
THE NAVY
GIVES ITS
FLIERS.

THAT'S
PLENTY TOUGH,
MISS COCHRAN,
--- BUT
LET'S GO!

HER FIFTH-HAND ENGINE QUIT ON THE TAKE-OFF!

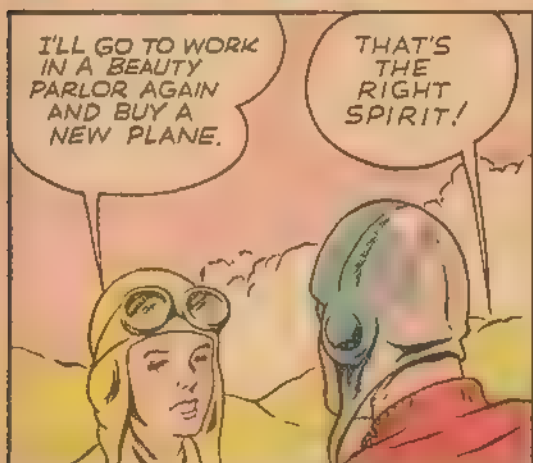


SEND THE PLANE TO
THE HOSPITAL!
I'M ALL RIGHT!



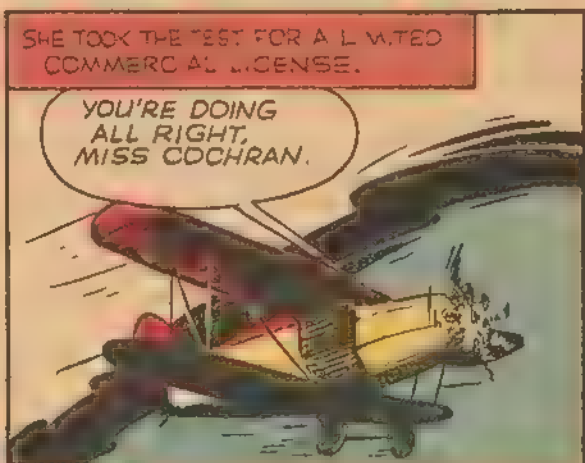
I'LL GO TO WORK
IN A BEAUTY
PARLOR AGAIN
AND BUY A
NEW PLANE.

THAT'S
THE
RIGHT
SPIRIT!



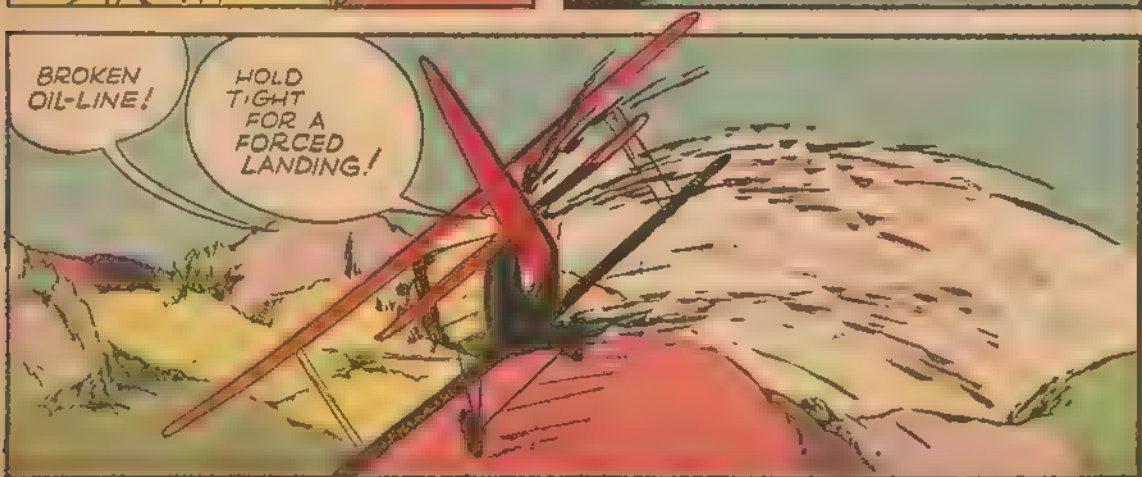
SHE TOOK THE TEST FOR A LIMITED
COMMERCIAL LICENSE.

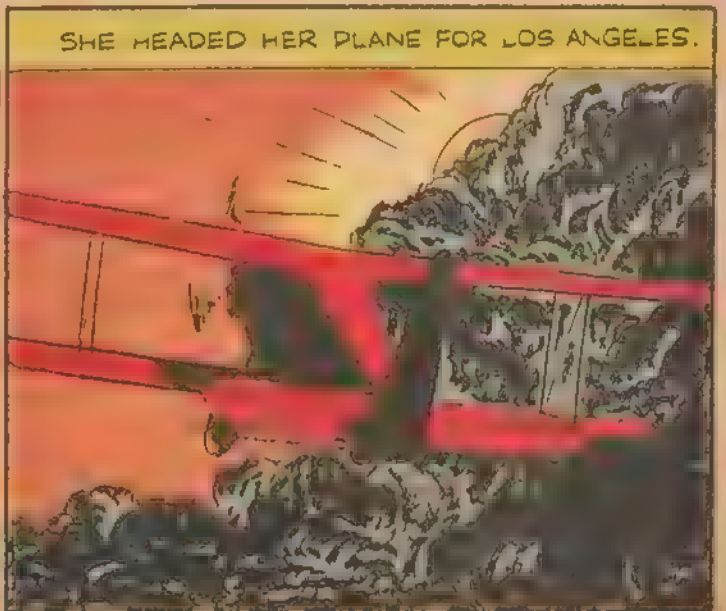
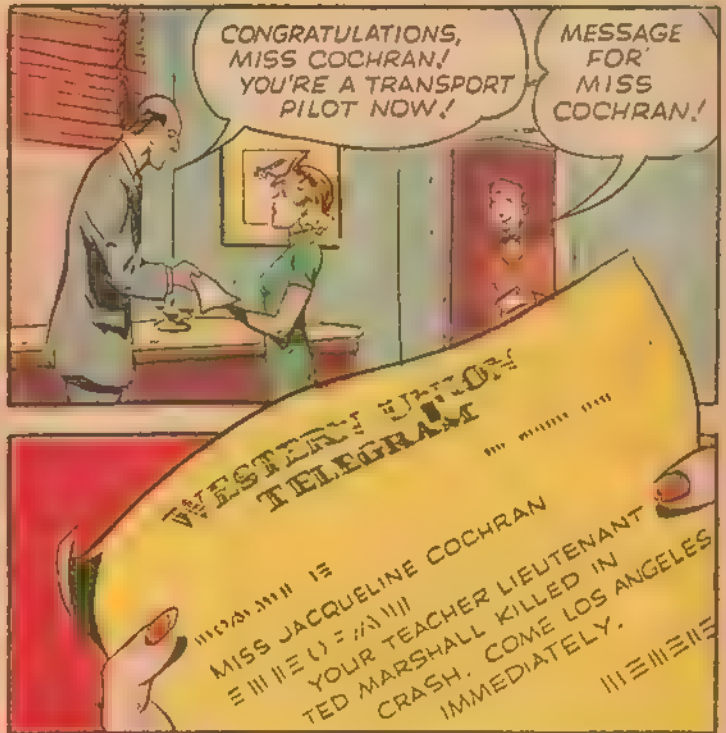
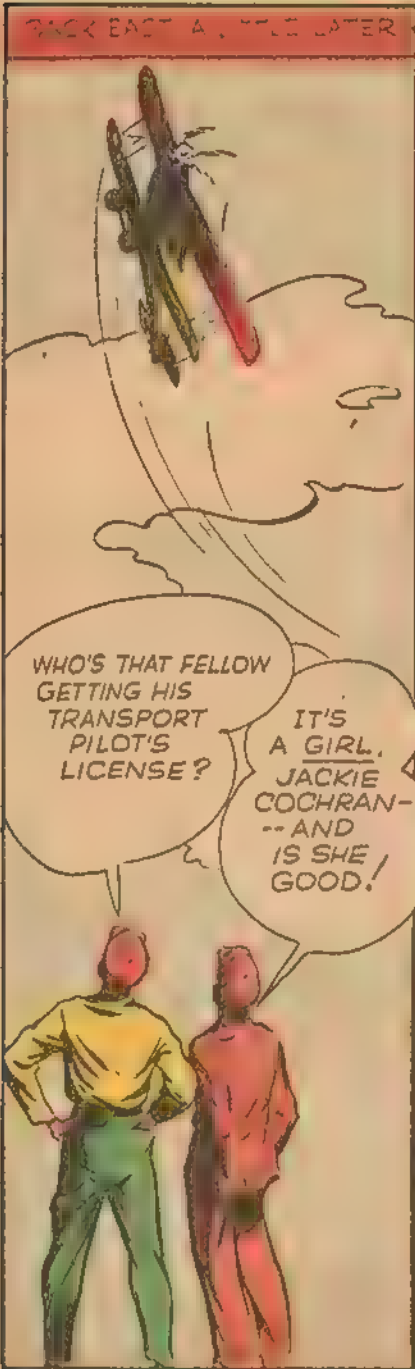
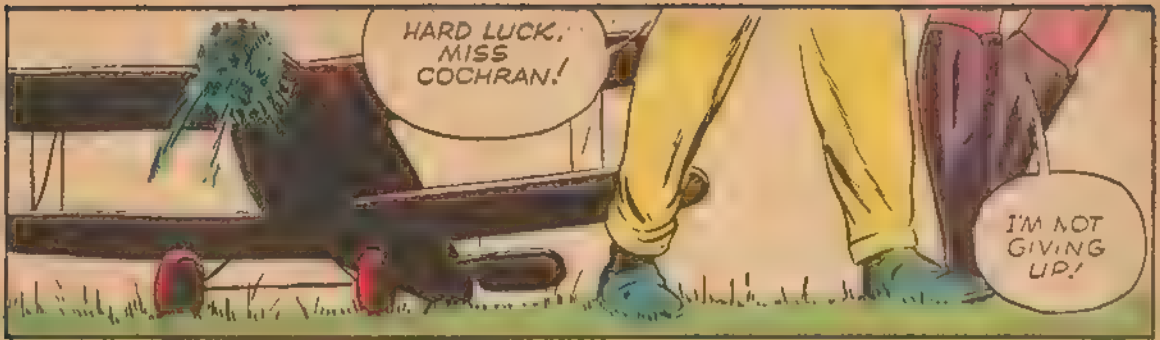
YOU'RE DOING
ALL RIGHT,
MISS COCHRAN.

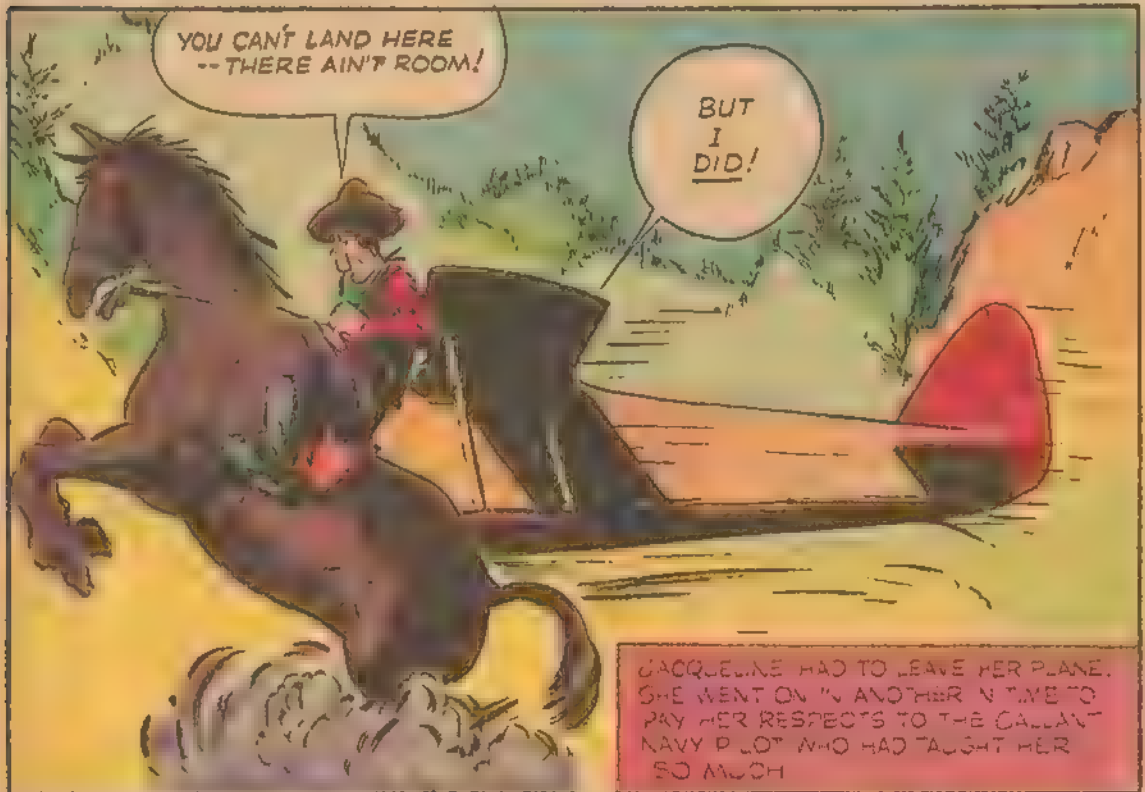


BROKEN
OIL-LINE!

HOLD
TIGHT
FOR A
FORCED
LANDING!









WE'RE SHAKING TO PIECES, JACKIE!

I'LL TRY TO LAND! THERE'S BUCHAREST!

SHE WAS OUT OF THE RACE AND RETURNED TO NEW YORK.

WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS, MISS COCHRAN? BEAUTY SHOPS OR AIRPLANES?

ARE YOU QUITTING?

BOTH -- AND I'M NOT QUITTING!

A YEAR LATER -- THE BENDIX AIR RACE!

IMPOSSIBLE! WE CAN'T ALLOW A WOMAN IN THE RACE!

BUT -- IF THE OTHER AVIATORS ARE WILLING --?

WE'RE PROUD TO HAVE JACKIE FLY AGAINST US!

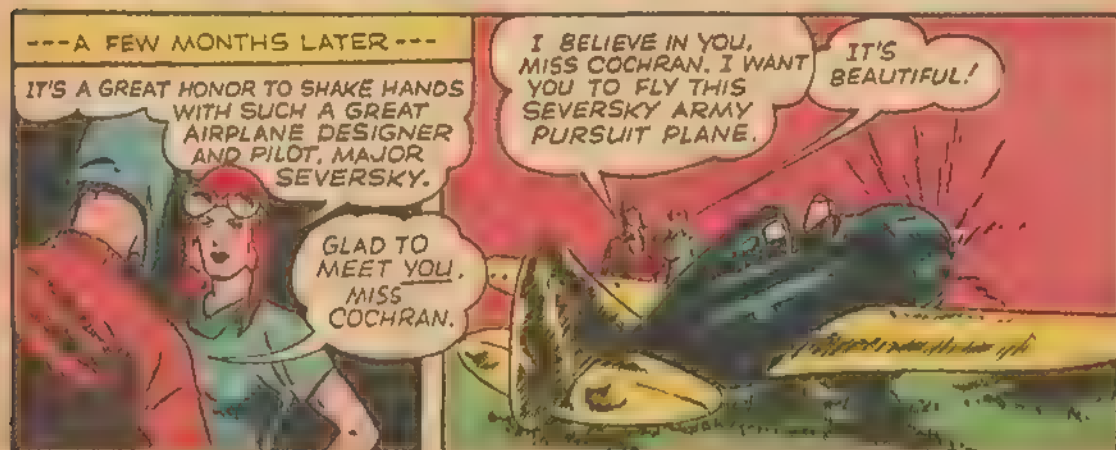
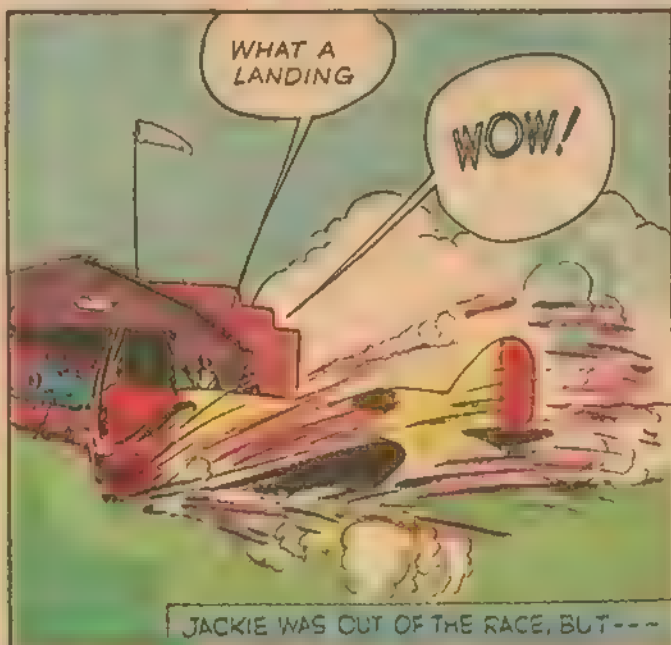
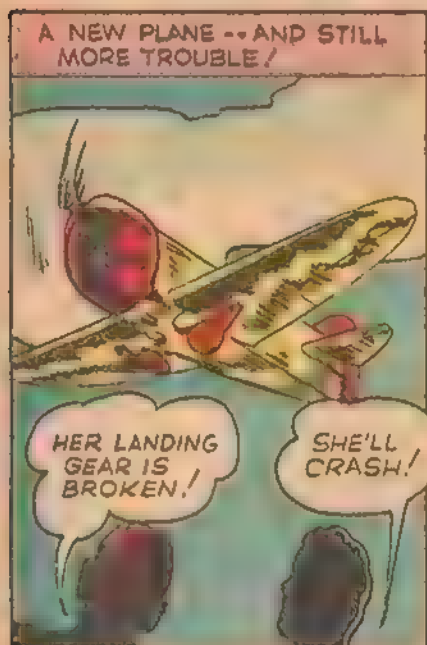
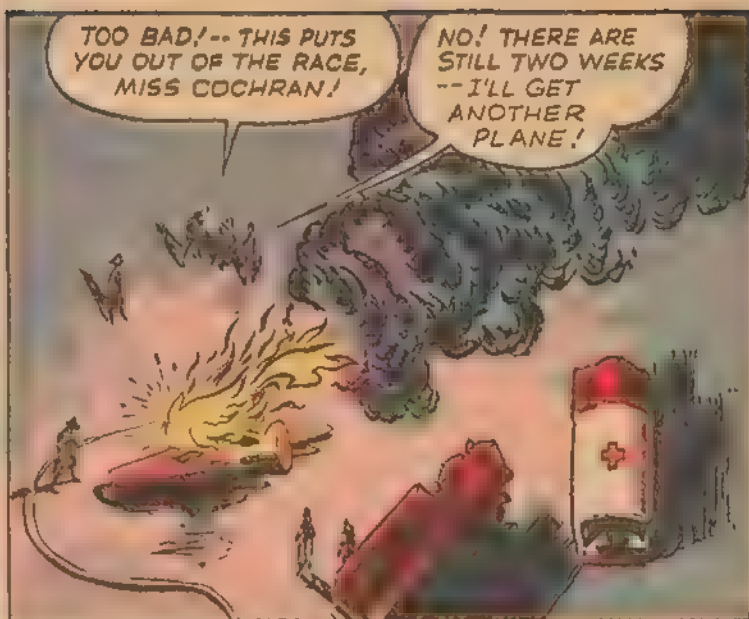
THE TAKE-OFF - LOS ANGELES TO CLEVELAND!

YOU CAN'T TAKE OFF IN THIS FOG WITH A BAD ENGINE!

I'VE GOT TO SHOW THEM THAT WOMEN HAVE AS MUCH COURAGE AS MEN!

ACROSS THE ROCKIES!

IF THE ENGINE ONLY HOLDS OUT TILL DAYLIGHT!



JACKIE COCHRAN TAKES WORLD SPEED RECORD FOR WOMEN!

300 MILES
AN HOUR!
THIS PLANE
IS FAST!



ANOTHER RECORD! JACKIE JUMPED FROM NEW YORK TO MIAMI

RECORDS!



WOMEN'S NATIONAL 100 KILOMETER RECORD.



WOMAN'S NATIONAL
ALTITUDE RECORD

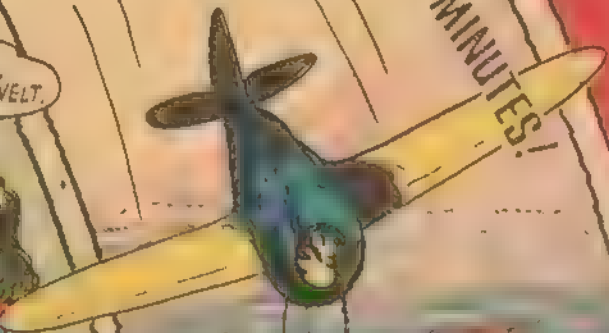
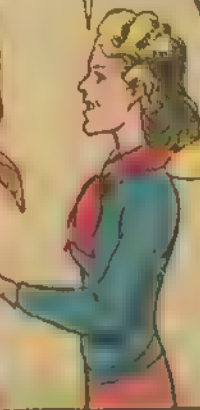
WOMAN'S INTERNATIONAL
100 KILOMETER RECORD.

NATIONAL 1,000
KILOMETER RECORD.

HONORS!

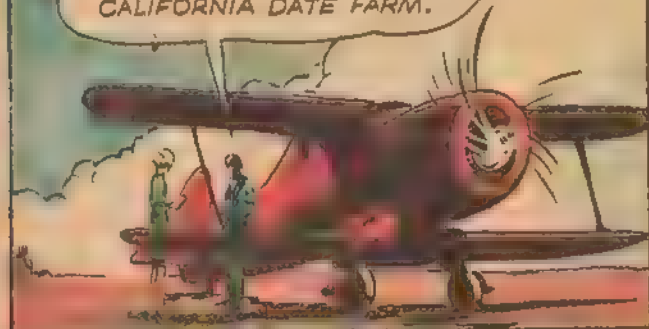
MISS COCHRAN, FOR THE
THIRD YEAR IN SUCCESSION,
I PRESENT THE HARMON TROPHY
TO YOU, AS THE OUTSTANDING
WOMAN FLIER OF THE WORLD.

THANK YOU,
MRS. ROOSEVELT.



BUSINESS SUCCESS!

YOU TAKE CHARGE IN NEW YORK, MISS CROWLEY. I'LL BE IN MY NEW JERSEY FACTORY THIS AFTERNOON, IN MY CHICAGO BEAUTY SALON TOMORROW, ON MY ARIZONA SHEEP RANCH THE DAY AFTER, AND THEN AT MY CALIFORNIA DATE FARM.



THE 'FLYING CINDERELLA'S' PRINCE WAS BIG-BUSINESSMAN FLOYD B. DOLUM, WHOM SHE MARRIED IN 1936.

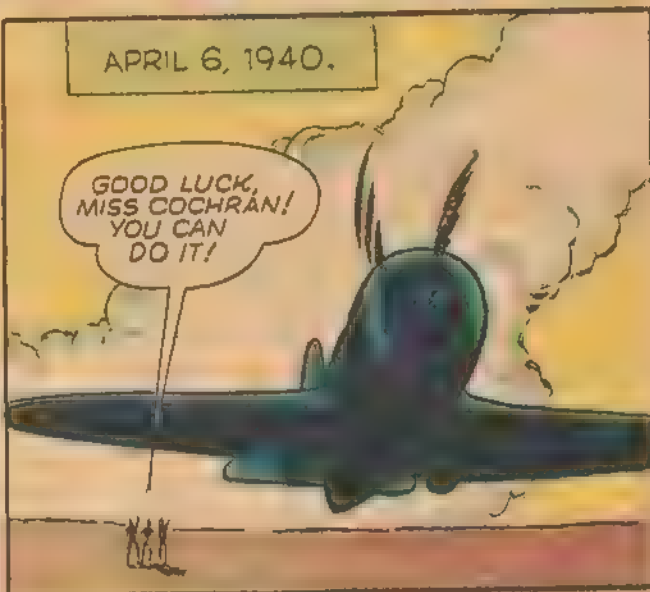


THAT RECORD BELONGS IN AMERICA!

RECORD-EXPRESS
GERMAN ARMY ACE
SETS NEW 2,000
KILOMETER RECORD!
BERLIN REPORTS
NEW ADVANCES IN
MILITARY AVIATION
CHAMBERLAIN SAYS
PEACE AS
LONDON

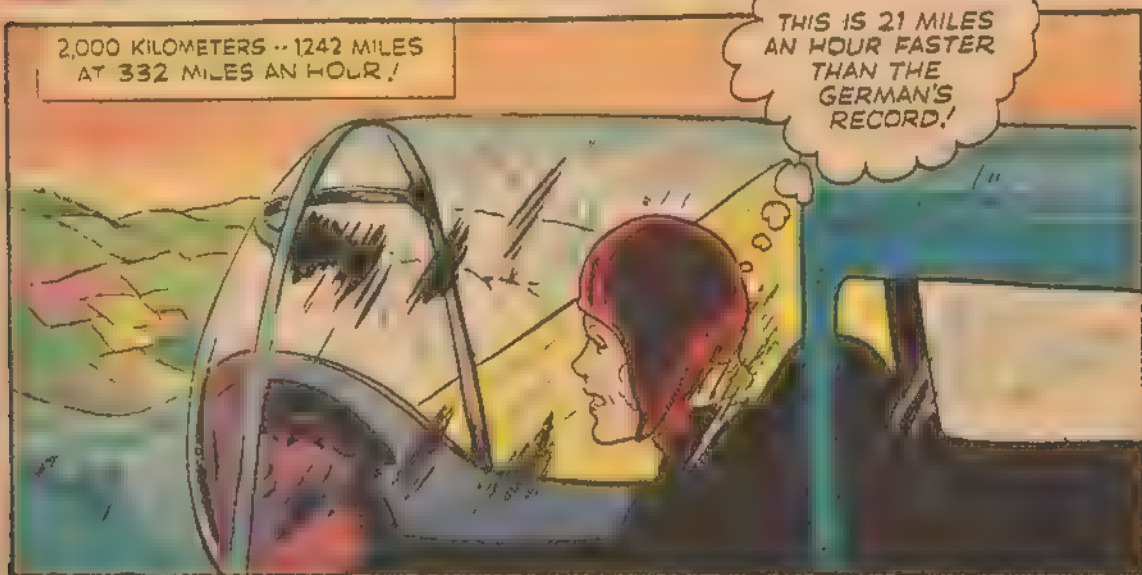
APRIL 6, 1940.

GOOD LUCK,
MISS COCHRAN!
YOU CAN
DO IT!



2,000 KILOMETERS -- 1242 MILES
AT 332 MILES AN HOUR!

THIS IS 21 MILES
AN HOUR FASTER
THAN THE
GERMAN'S
RECORD!



JUNE, 1941 -- SOMEWHERE IN EASTERN CANADA.

THIS IS THE
CREW THAT WILL
GO WITH YOU,
MISS COCHRAN--
--AND MY
REGARDS TO
ENGLAND!

A BOMBER FOR ENGLAND!

DETAILS OF THIS FLIGHT ARE A MILITARY SECRET!

SAFE IN ENGLAND!

GOD BLESS YOU,
MISS COCHRAN!

WHAT
A
PILOT!

NO MAN
COULD
DO
BETTER!

WOMEN AND GIRLS
OF AMERICA! TODAY
WE STAND SIDE BY SIDE
WITH MEN IN OUR
COUNTRY'S
DEFENSE!

Mayer Martin's Daughter

The story of how Connie Martin and her gang went on an adventurous safari after the sensidopus—and what they found

"Look!" Stub exclaimed breathlessly, "'Strange Monster Menaces North End Householders'"



By CHARLES G. MULLER

CONNIE MARTIN sensed immediately that something was up when Stub Stevens rushed toward her with the latest edition of the Central City Sun in his outstretched hand—something to do with animals, no doubt.

"Look!" he exclaimed, almost breathlessly.

Connie bent her red head so her blue eyes could scan the headlines:

**Strange Monster Menaces
North End Householders**

"It's got horns," Stub raced on, "and a long tail and cloven hooves, and it's brown and big. It's been clawing dogs—even killed one!"

"Sounds like the Hound of the Baskervilles," laughed Connie.

"This is no fiction story!"

"Well, there's nothing we can do about it."

"We can try to catch it, can't we?"

Connie laughed again. "I think you're crazy, Stub. But let's go ask Father what he thinks about it."

With six-foot Cap Riley and blonde Peggy Stone—both infected with Stub's contagious excitement—Connie marched into Mayor Martin's office on the second floor of City Hall and

held Stub's newspaper in front of her father who sat under an enormous moose head, the hunting trophy of a previous city official.

"What about this strange, menacing monster, Pop?" asked Connie.

"I've had a couple of dozen phone calls from frightened citizens," chuckled her father, with a shake of his gray head, "each one describing the animal differently. I think it's just a figment of somebody's imagination."

"May we help Stub hunt for it, Pop?" Connie winked broadly at her father.

Mayor Martin hesitated. Then: "All right. But first get permission from the Game Warden in the County Building."

Five minutes later, Connie showed Stub's newspaper to round-faced Warden Glenning.

"Nothing but newspaper talk!" laughed the game official.

"Then how about here," Stub jabbed his finger at a paragraph in the story, "where it says that 'Mrs. Henry C. Williams of Oanoke Road found the marks of fangs on her dead dog'? How about that?"

"Fangs, my eye! Those were two bullet holes," replied the amused Warden. "I examined that dog myself. Someone shot him."

Stub was not to be convinced.

"Anyway, can we go after this beast with a safari?"

The Game Warden stiffened. "A what?"

"A safari—a hunting expedition like in Africa," said Stub seriously. "I'll do the shooting, while Cap and Connie and Peggy can..."

"Carry your ammunition and supplies?" Connie kept a straight face.

"Right!" Stub was more excited than ever. "Okay by you, Mr. Glenning?"



"I'll pass the rifle to Stub," Cap explained, "and he'll bring the beast down with a single shot through the brain."

"Got a hunting license?" asked the Warden, catching Connie's glance.

"No, but I've got a swell air rifle," Stub replied quickly.

"Tell you what I'll do, then," said the Warden. "I'll make you a special deputy to track down this—this . . ."

"Sensidopus is the name," said Connie helpfully.

"Sen-si-dop-us!" cried the astounded Stub.

"Yes," explained Connie, keeping hidden laughter from her tone. "Sen for Central, si for City, dop for dopey, and the latin us to distinguish it from the plural—sensidopi—in case you find two!"

Stub refused to be sidetracked by Connie's kidding.

"Just make me a special deputy like you said, Mr. Glenning," he pleaded, "and I'll bring this monster back—dead or alive."

"Who'll be dead," put in Peggy, "you or the monster?"

"Mind you," said the Game Warden, pulling an official form out of his desk drawer, "I think this is only a newspaper nature-fake story. Or maybe a mountain lion's been driven down out

of the hills by the recent floods. If so, there's a \$25 bounty for his hide, but I haven't either time or men to spare on a wild goose chase. So here's your permit."

Connie was mistaken if she had hoped, with the help of practical Cap Riley and realistic Peggy Stone, to talk Stub Stevens out of his plans for beating the North End Woods for a mythical animal she was sure no one but a few hysterical householders imagined to exist. Because, armed with the Game Warden's permit—given only because Mr. Glenning was certain that nothing wilder than a woodchuck or a family of skunks was at large in those woods—Stub immediately issued orders.

"We start at daybreak," he began, "and . . ."

"Who starts what?"

"We start our safari," said Stub. "Don't say you're not going with me?"

The hurt in Stub's tone was too much for Connie.

"But why daybreak?" she asked, conceding that the hunt was on.

"Because that's when this feller'll be out after food—along

Saw Creek, most likely. And before he knows what's happened to him, we'll . . ."

"If we start at daybreak," Connie cut in, "I'm going home and start getting some sleep!"

But she didn't. Instead, having walked around the block, she met Cap and Peggy.

"We've simply got to catch that sensidopus for Stub," laughed Peggy.

"And before we can catch him there's got to be one, hasn't there?" said Connie, leading the others once more to Mayor Martin's office and the stuffed moose head that hung on the wall behind her father's big chair. All three were laughing uproariously.

It was daybreak when, in Cap's ancient auto, the "Stub Stevens Safari" drove to the North End of Central City and parked. Serious as Frank Buck himself in quest of wild game, Stub led the group into the woods.

Cap followed the leader, carrying Stub's air rifle. Behind stalked Connie and Peggy, burdened with picnic lunches. Connie put hers on top of her head, like an African porter.

But Stub refused to be kidded. "I've got this all figured out," he told his band of hunters. "Since this wild animal we're after will probably be somewhere along the creek, we'll follow that."

They did, single file—moving quietly through the woods. Dressed for brambles and briars, they steadily followed Stub's lead.

"I can feel in my bones that Stub's taking us straight for that sensidopus, all right," Connie called ahead to Cap so that their leader could hear.

"Straight as an arrow!" Cap agreed.

"But what'll we do when we catch up with him?" Peggy called from the caravan's rear.

"Why, I'll pass the rifle to Stub," Cap explained, "and he'll bring the beast down with a single shot through the brain."

"What if he misses?"

"We run!" said Cap. "And you'd better run fast, worm, or I'll trample right over you!"

"I'm hungry," said Peggy irrelevantly.

"Just hold everything," said Connie. "We'll soon be devouring sensidopus steaks over an open fire!"

Gradually the joking stopped. Partly because Stub refused to rise to the gibes, partly because the safari was closing in on a clearing where picnic parties often came to eat their lunches beside the creek.

"If that animal's anywhere," Connie whispered to Cap just loudly enough for Stub to catch, "he's here. You'd better pass that rifle forward."

Making an effort to keep his face straight, Cap handed it over to Stub.

"It's up to you, now, chief," he said solemnly. "Don't shoot until you see the whites of his eyes."

Cap turned to the girls. "Better arm ourselves with sticks. Stub might miss."

Behind Stub's back, Cap's grin was broad as he picked up gnarled clubs for himself and the two girls.

Stealthily the party crept up on the clearing. In the lead, Stub was tense, his eyes eager-

ly piercing the woodland foliage. Suddenly he stiffened, looked down, stopped abruptly.

"Tracks!" he said, pointing.

Peering, the others saw marks of cloven hooves.

"It's him!" exclaimed Stub.

Connie shook her head.

"It's he, Stub!"

But Stub paid no attention. He was creeping forward again. Then his rifle rose swiftly to his shoulder.

Connie and the others looked quickly forward, into gleaming eyes half hidden in the shrubs that surrounded the clearing.

For an instant Stub's rifle wavered. Then he steadied it, and fired. There was a crash, as of a body falling. Then quiet.

"You got him!" cried Connie.

"Stub! You're wonderful!" She rushed forward, pushing Stub ahead. But the trembling boy held her back.

"Careful," he warned, his face a study in pride at his superb marksmanship. "He may not be dead."

"He's dead, all right!" Connie grinned at Cap.

"I'll go first," said Stub, like any brave leader.

Failing to notice that this was exactly what the others wanted, Stub circled cautiously toward the fallen beast. Slowly parting the thick bushes at the clearing's edge, he peered at his fallen prey. From behind him, three voices shouted:

"Surprise! Surprise!"

Then gales of laughter.

For Stub was gazing down at the stuffed moose head that, until yesterday afternoon, had graced Mayor George P. Martin's office in City Hall!

Nailed to a wooden box, with four broom handles for legs and a fifth for tail, and so delicately balanced that it had fallen at the impact of the hunter's shot, Stub's sensidopus lay flat on its side. On the end of each broom leg was a ridiculous rubber boot.

For seconds Connie watched Stub stare, unbelieving. Already she was feeling conscience-stricken. The amazement that covered Stub's face was too much to bear. She opened her mouth to say she was sorry for this practical joke, for the false hoofprints and the "monster." But before she could find her voice, Cap's warning filled the clearing.

"Quick, Stub! Shoot!" There was no levity in that cry!

Twisting her head sharply, Connie caught sight of the beady eyes of an animal "brown, with a long tail"—poised to spring into the clearing. There were no horns on this beast, but Connie froze—terrified.

Stub was raising his rifle, aiming carefully.

"Don't shoot!" cried Connie, regaining her presence of mind.



His rifle rose swiftly to his shoulder

"Maybe he won't attack!"

But the animal reared, and Stub fired.

"Oh, Stub!"

Connie wanted to close her eyes as the beast leaped, but she couldn't. And, as she watched, she saw Cap Riley do the only thing possible. Swinging his knobbed stick like a baseball bat, Cap whanged at the head coming toward Connie. In midair the animal could not turn, and Cap's swinging stick met its head with a resounding crack.

It was all over so fast that Connie hardly knew what happened. There was the beast on the ground, dead, and Cap and Stub standing over it. Pale and shaking, Connie looked down. The animal was comparatively small, only three feet long, when you saw him close to.

"That's one monster that won't scare any more people or claw their dogs!" Stub declared in a ringing tone.

"What is it?" asked Connie, her heart still pounding like a trip hammer.

"What Warden Glenning suggested it might be—a young mountain lion," said Stub, adding: "And very rare in these parts, too!" His own white face was taking on color.

"Say!" he suddenly exclaimed, looking from the brown "cat" to the ludicrous sensidopus with its rubber boots, "that was a smart idea of yours—putting this other thing out to lure him."

Connie's face showed her astonishment.

"That's one way they capture lions in Africa," said the boy. "Put a goat's carcass out for bait."

"But that's no goat!"

"What's the difference?" demanded Stub. "It was good bait. Earned me twenty-five bucks. Thanks."

Connie began to sense that Stub was not so dumb as he looked.

"I'll get the bounty on his hide," Stub explained, with a smile.

"But we're all in on that!" Connie protested.

Connie froze—terrified. She wanted to close her eyes, but she couldn't.



Stub shrugged annoyingly. "Who killed this cat, anyway?"

Connie pointed to Cap.

"He did! With that smack on its head."

Stub was grinning broadly now.

"Not so, goon child! I plugged him right in the eye before he even jumped. His leap was nothing but reflex action. He was dead in the air."

Cap nodded. Stub's chest was out a foot.

"As leader of this highly successful safari," he said genially, "I'll stay and guard the trophies. Cap, you go get your car to transport them home in.

Connie, you phone your father and the Game Warden, while Peggy notifies the newspapers and newsreels to rush their cameramen here."

Connie saw there was no holding Stub now.

"On second thought, Connie," said Stub expansively, "you give the story to the newspapers. You can describe the sensidopus better than anyone else!"

Connie relaxed. Stub and his animals! One too many for her this time!

Read in our next issue another exciting adventure of "Mayor Martin's Daughter."



Drop them, put them in the
icebox, or "roll your own"
—any way you do it making
cookies is lots of fun

By CECILY BROWNSTONE

FAT ones, thin ones, soft ones, crisp ones, you've probably been munching and crunching cookies all your life. What do you know about making them? Maybe when you were very young you were allowed to choose the cookie cutter and roll out a small piece of dough! But if you really have a yen to turn out a batch you can call your own, beat a

path to the kitchen at an appropriate moment, and follow our directions. Get on familiar terms with that wonderful cookie smell! It comes from a combination of flour, sweet butter, and fresh eggs, fragrant with spice and brown sugar, baking crisp and golden in the oven; or from a luscious rich chocolatytness that will widen your nostrils and water your mouth!

When you get to be an ex-

pert in this branch of the baking craft you'll know there are things undreamed of that you can do with cookies. You can cut Sugar Cookie dough—the recipe follows—into stars or hearts, or you can set it to doing capers in the shape of rabbits and elephants! There may be an array of such cookie cutters in your family's kitchen. If not, in a pinch, you can improvise your own. Do it this way: Draw or trace the figure you want onto cardboard. Keep the outline sharp and simple and cut around it. When you've made your cookie dough and rolled it one-eighth inch thick, lay the cardboard on the dough and cut around the edge with a sharp knife. If the pattern sticks, flour it. But don't make

the pattern too much larger than ordinary cookie cutters or the shapes will be hard to handle. Decorate them as you see fit. If you want to make Sugar Cookie Clowns use raisins or date bits for the face and ruff and candy confetti or anything else you have handy for the buttons! Raisin and date bits too can outline hands and feet; or you can use frosting.

Another thing you can do with Sugar Cookie dough is to color it. Tint it a pale green with a drop or two of vegetable coloring, for instance, and then mark out cookies with a clover-shaped cutter! (Inexpensive kits come holding miniature bottles of four different vegetable colors.) Or strew Sugar Cookie dough, just before baking, with chocolate sprinkles or colored sugar crystals. Press the decorations down gently with a knife. Or after the cookies are baked use a pastry tube to top them with ruffles of white, chocolate, or colored icing.

There are certain important rules in cookie craft that you'll learn from making the following recipes. Don't scorn your mother's or your grandmother's or certainly not your favorite aunt's help the first time you make rolled Sugar Cookies. Rolling and cutting take practice, and only real skill produces perfect results. But it's loads of fun and there's nothing that gives a cook a more satisfactory feeling! Get all your ingredients and baking equipment ready, plan what you're going to do, and then begin.

Sugar Cookies

2½ cups sifted flour	½ cup butter or other shortening
2 teaspoons baking powder	1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt	2 eggs
	1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. (Keep any leftover flour from the sifting for rolling.) Cream butter thoroughly, add the sugar gradually, and beat between the additions until the mixture is light and fluffy (Cream means to rub the back of the spoon against the ingredients around the bowl until

they are soft and smooth.) Add the eggs and beat well. Add vanilla. Add flour and mix well. Chill for an hour. (Chilling keeps dough from being too sticky and makes it easier to handle.) Roll ½-inch thick on lightly floured board with floured rolling pin. (The less extra flour you roll in now the better. If your kitchen boasts a special canvas cover for the board and stockinette for the roller, use them.) Cut the cookies as close together as possible. (If the cutter sticks dip it lightly into flour before each



Trace this clown on thin paper, glue onto cardboard, cut it out—and you have a neat pattern for your own amusing Sugar Cookie Clown

cutting.) Keep the scraps left after each cutting and work them together into a last batch. Sprinkle with sugar or decorate. Place on ungreased baking sheet with a spatula and leave an inch space between each one. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°-400° F.) for 8 to 12 minutes, and place on a wire rack when they are finished. Do not pile or store until they are cold. To make these into Icebox Slices shape dough into 2 rolls about 2 inches thick; wrap each in waxed paper and

put in refrigerator overnight. Cut rolls into ½-inch slices; bake as you would Sugar Cookies.

Have you tasted these delicious little morsels called chocolate chip cookies? They've recently come into fashion. If you use this recipe it's a fashion here to stay!

Chocolate Chip Nuggets

2½ cups sifted cake flour	¾ cup firmly packed brown sugar
½ teaspoon baking powder	2 eggs
½ teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon cinnamon	1 cup raisins
¾ cup butter or other shortening	1 cup chopped nut meats
	1 cup semi-sweet chocolate chips

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and cinnamon and sift together three times. Cream butter and sugar. Beat the eggs and add. Add vanilla. Mix in flour thoroughly. Add raisins, nut meats, chocolate chips, and mix well. Drop a teaspoonful of the dough onto a greased baking sheet with the help of another teaspoon. Don't take more than a teaspoonful at one time and leave a 2-inch space between each cookie. (Drop cookies have a way, like Alice in Wonderland, of growing bigger and bigger!) Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 12 to 15 minutes.

If you want to send someone in the Army a confection that will taste like Home SWEET Home choose these Holiday Kisses. They're good for mailing because while they're crumbly they won't crumble! They are chewy, chocolaty, macaroons that are as easy to make as they are easy to

eat:

Holiday Kisses

1 can condensed milk	½ lb coconut
2 squares chocolate	1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt chocolate in small bowl on top of steaming kettle or in a double boiler. Add to condensed milk, coconut, vanilla. Mix thoroughly and drop on greased baking sheet, 1 teaspoonful at a time, 1 inch apart. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for ten minutes or until delicately browned. Remove at once, from pans or they will stick.



week-end **MOVIE-TREATS**

By CATHERINE C. EDWARDS

THERE'S really no trick to selecting a variety of movies. If your movie going is limited, choose "Birth of the Blues" for swiny tunes; "A Yank in the R.A.F." for action; "Look Who's Laughing" for laughs of your own; "One Foot in Heaven" for human interest; and either "Smilin' Through" or "It Started with Adam" for Romance.

It's easy to pick the ones you want, but not so easy

to see them, because they may not all play week ends, when you're likely to have time for movies. If you become committee minded and get your crowd to appoint several girls to see your local theater manager, you may be surprised to find how willing he is to listen to suggestions. Pictures grown-ups think are wonderful but leave you cold can be shown during the week and those that appeal to everybody shown week ends. You can easily get your parents and their friends to back you up in approaching the theater manager, so good luck!





Left—Jimmy Lydon is the new Henry Aldrich, and his favorite supporters in "Henry Aldrich for President" (of the student body) are Mary Anderson, and his long suffering sister, Martha O'Driscoll, proud of him in spite of herself. June Preaver plots against Henry while Charley Smith as Dizzy runs a rousing campaign for his candidate. (Para.)



Above—"One Foot in Heaven" is a beautiful story of a love that lasted through all the ups and downs of a young minister's life. Fredric March and Martha Scott bring great warmth and charm to their roles. (Warner)



★ Gene Autry is genial and natural and sings with a lonesome twang. He also rides like a whirlwind and knocks out villains. See him in "Under Ferta Stars." (Rep.)

★ Roy Rogers is another favorite of those fast-track Westerns who have plenty of expert riding, magnificent scenery, and practically no romance! (Rep.)

★ "Birth of the Blues" stars Mary Martin and Bing Crosby but we chose this picture of "Rochester" (Eddie Anderson) and Carolyn Lee because it will start your feet dancing if you look at it a moment! (Para.)

★ All these six-count em' socks add up to more than the weekly allowance Mr. Bergen gives Charlie McCarthy. Maybe he borrowed from Dorothy Lovett and Lee Bonnell. Fibber McGee and Molly are also in "Look Who's Laughing." (RKO)

★ Deanna Durbin falls in love with dashing Robert Cummings, though he's already engaged, and who plays cupid but Charles Langston in "It Started with Adam." (Univ.)

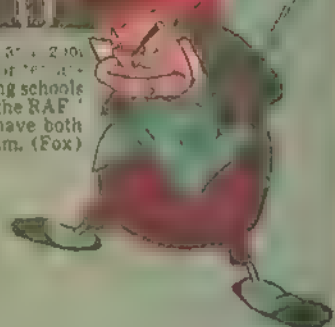
★ Honey Bee and Hoppity, hero and heroine of Max Fleischer's new feature-length cartoon, "Mr. Bug Goes to Town," are Deanna Durbin and Jimmy Stewart types. (Para.)

★ Donald Duck tries to steal the spotlight in "The Big Bad Wolf," Walt Disney's new rousing short. Our vote goes to the Goofy acrobats above. (RKO)



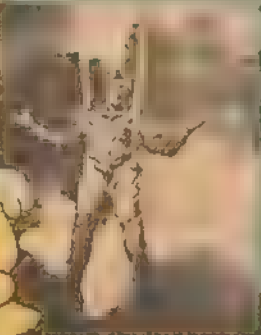
Above—All these socks add up to more than the weekly allowance Mr. Bergen gives Charlie McCarthy. Maybe he borrowed from Dorothy Lovett and Lee Bonnell. Fibber McGee and Molly are also in "Look Who's Laughing." (RKO)

Right—This Gene Lockhart type of villain has a lot to say in "Mr. Bug Goes to Town." (Para.)



"Parachute Battalion" is a fine, fast, and very funny picture. It's a real war picture. (Para.)

"Smilin' Through" has Jeanette MacDonald and Noel Coward. It's a real love picture. (Para.)



LOOK YOUR BEST FOR

Hi, Gruesome!

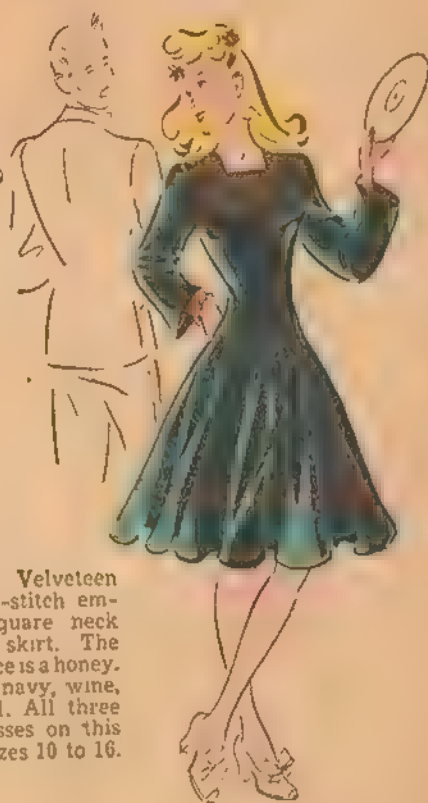
You're a goon
if you don't come to my
house Friday night. We
have some new swing
records that are strictly
out of this world. Don't
be a nerk and disappoint
us—it's going to be the
last word in swingaroos,
but definitely!
Sue the Pooh



GYPSY SWEET-HEART: You're right in the groove with a peasantry shirt and skirt of spunrayon, trimmed with colorful embroidery. Super color combinations: green with gold, brown with red. About \$6.



GOON CHILD: A figure flatterer, if there ever was one. That peasant effect again, in rayon crepe with divine long torso and swish skirt, braid trimmed. Colors: horse-show red and evergreen. About \$6.

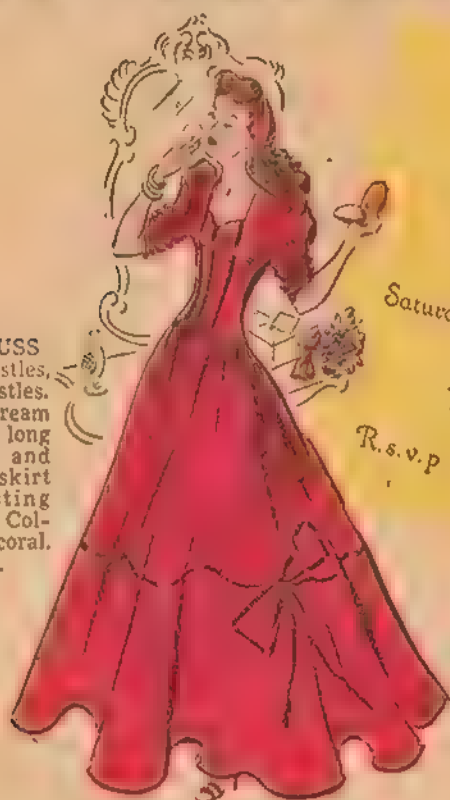


SMOOTHIE: Velvet with gay cross-stitch embroidery at square neck and swirling skirt. The long torso bodice is a honey. Colors: green, navy, wine, red. About \$11. All three Junioresse dresses on this page in teen sizes 10 to 16.

Further information about fashions and where they may be seen throughout the country may be obtained by writing to Betty Green, Fashion Editor of **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York.

THAT CERTAIN PARTY

GLAMOUR PUSS
When taffeta rustles,
the stag line hustles.
This taffeta dream
underscores its long
torso bodice and
tremendous skirt
with contrasting
velvet ribbon. Col-
ors: green, red, coral.
About \$11.



Miss Sue Howard
requests the pleasure of
Miss Mary Williams
company at a dinner dance
Saturday, the twenty-seventh of September
at six-thirty o'clock
The Redbrook Country Club
R.s.v.p



PLAID PIXIE: That
plunging neckline is
very woman-of-the-
world in a plaid taf-
feta job that does a
disappearing act with
your waistline. Colors:
red, black, green com-
bination. About \$11.



SWEETIE-PIE: You'll look de-
lectable in a cloud of blue net, or
red, or peach, with slenderizing
midriff and sleeves a la Hepburn.
About \$11. All three Juniorette
evening frocks on this page in
teen sizes 10 to 16.

GADGETS *for* GIRLS

FASHION FADS GIRLS THEMSELVES CREATE

\$1 will be paid for each Gadget for Girls published

NOW is your chance to share your bright ideas about fashions with other girls all over the country. Send as many Gadgets for Girls as you like with or without rough drawings. Neatness and art work do not count. Gadgets are chosen for originality. In case of duplication, the entry with the earliest postmark date is selected. Be sure to state your name, address, and age. Address Gadgets to Girls, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS.

Hearts and Flowers—

Wear your heart on your sleeve! Cut one out of red felt and sew it on the sleeve of your blouse or sweater. Little heart- or flower-shaped buttons look fetching in the center of your pin curls.—Myra Watts, Bay Shore, N. Y.



Tricky Treasures—A stitch in time saves nine and then you can use your safety pins (especially the little gold ones) to make amusing necklaces and bracelets. Try dabbing the safety pins with melted sealing wax—all colors—or nail polish, string them on elastic, then wait for the Ohs and Ahs!—Beth Lippman, New York, N. Y. Have a necklace in any color you want! Chain stitch three strands of your favorite color wool (you can mix your colors, too) and twist them. Gaily colored ones are very dashing on white blouses.—Joan Weyprecht, Pikesville, Md. A corking necklace! Paint small corks in bright colors (red, white, and blue, if you want to be patriotic), put shiny little screws in



each cork, and string them on yarn which ties in a bow at the back of your neck.—Marie Stiles, Plattsburg, N. Y. Paint wooden spoons, string them on raffia or yarn (with big knots in between) for a good-looking sports necklace.—Emily Sue Hey, Shelbyville, Ind. Not even chicken coops escape the eyes of girls on the lookout for "new" jewelry. The leg bands which are used to mark chickens make unusual necklaces and bracelets—particularly when a variety of colors are used to give them a fiesta air.—Sharon Moyers, Freeport, Tex. The lowly snail hits a new high in arm adornment! Snail shells washed, painted (nail polish does the trick here, too), and strung on colored twine or yarn make eye-catching bracelets.—Edith Mae Criswell, Independence, Ky. Acorns—painted or their own brown—make pretty and appropriate necklaces and bracelets for the season when the oaks are blazing with color. Wear them on your new fall outfit and see.—Barbara Stoyenko, Baltimore, Md. Varicolored jelly beans strung on ribbon make yummy necklaces. Wax them just in case your friends can't resist temptation!—Beryl Linado, Brooklyn, N. Y. Jacks are not only fun to play with—they also provide amusing necklaces and bracelets. Braid some yarn, then tie one end of a small piece of thread, string, or yarn securely to each jack and the other end to the braided yarn. Or try them as buttons to perk up last year's tired-looking blouse.—Frances Reese, Tyrone, Pa.

Shoulder Pieces—Fold colored paper fanwise, make a pretty little bow at the base, and fan mah brow! If you don't have a miniature fan for a dainty lapel pin—Doris Cruickshank, Palisades Park, N. J. Crossed lollipops in your favorite flavor, tied with saucy bows, make cute lapel gadgets.—Joan Sullivan, Detroit, Mich. Salvage a baby's cast-off rattle and pin it to your lapel for an amusing and attention-getting gadget.—Jean Erickson, Saginaw, Mich.

Swing's the Thing

—Make yourself a swingy gored skirt of men's ties sewed together. The louder, the better.—Mary Helen Dietrich, Chicago, Ill. Old-fashioned red and white, or blue and white checked tablecloths make the gayest, sturdiest, and darlingest peasant skirts there are!—Jayne Frohmader, Camp Douglas, Wis.



Feet First—Do you feel like kicking up your heels? Paint the heels of your shoes first, each pair to match a different dress, and you're all set.—Norma Woolway, Toronto, Ont. Decorate your shoes with decals from the dime store. You can carry out the theme of your outfit and change often because decals come off easily.—Joyce Andersen, Chicago, Ill.

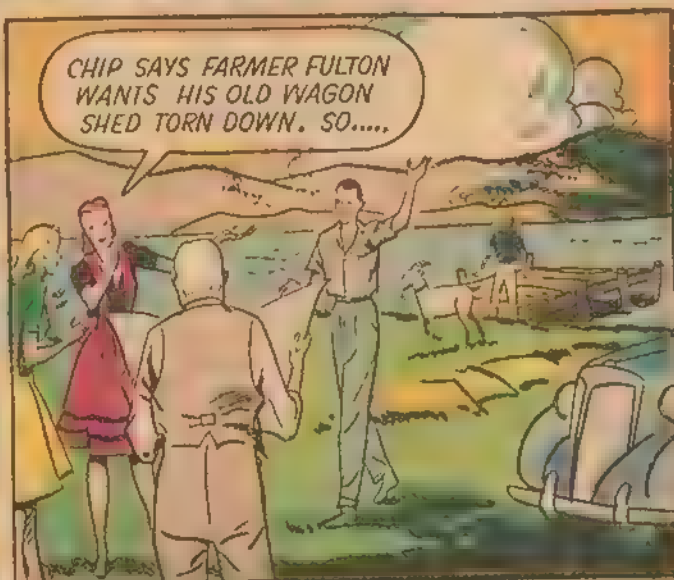
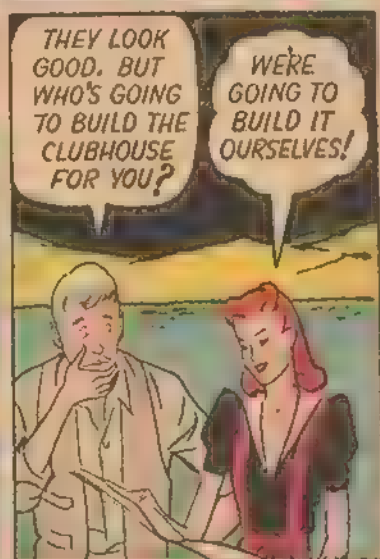
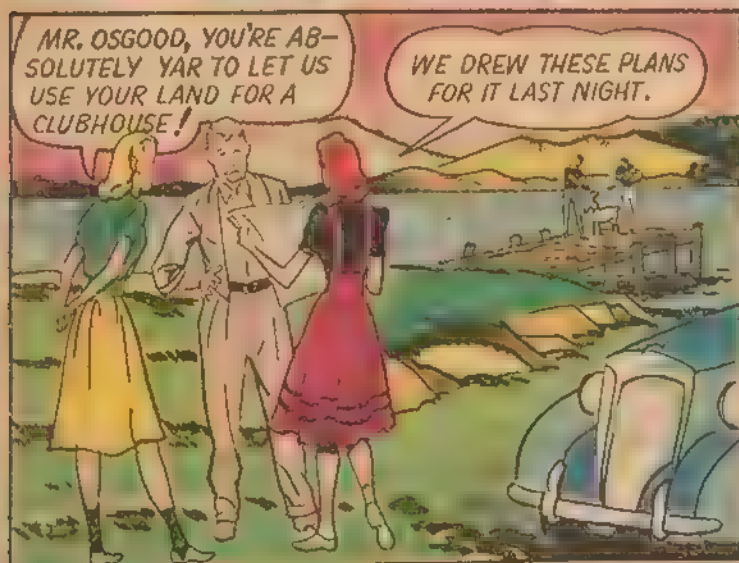
Out of the Kitchen—Steel wool (or chore girls) opened up and shaped to your head make sparkling Juliet caps for special dates.—Barbara

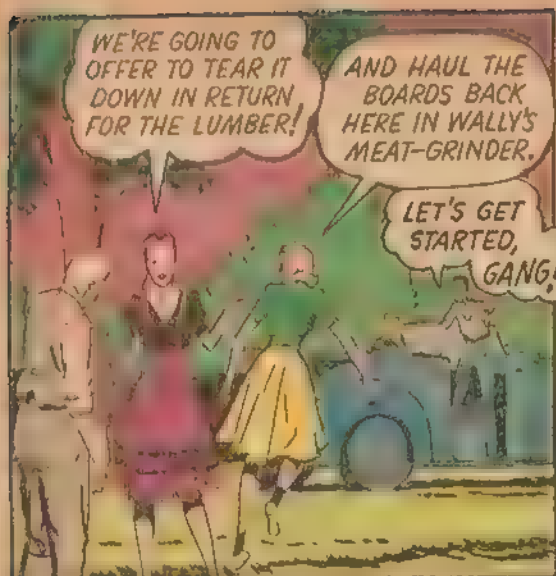
Brown, Columbus, Ga. We stretch them into bracelets that look expensive as well as very smart.—Carrie Sylte, Lakewood, O.



The Yorktown Younger Set

They Build a Clubhouse

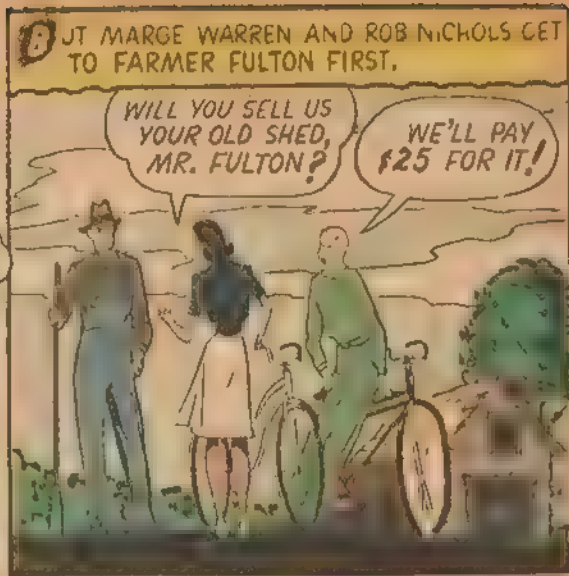




WE'RE GOING TO
OFFER TO TEAR IT
DOWN IN RETURN
FOR THE LUMBER!

AND HAUL THE
BOARDS BACK
HERE IN WALLY'S
MEAT-GRINDER.

LET'S GET
STARTED,
GANG!



BUT MARGE WARREN AND ROB NICHOLS GET
TO FARMER FULTON FIRST.

WILL YOU SELL US
YOUR OLD SHED,
MR. FULTON?

WE'LL PAY
\$25 FOR IT!

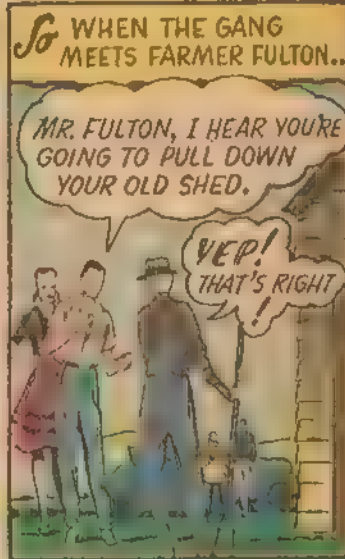


YOU'LL HAVE TO
RAZE THE SHED
TODAY. I WANT
THE LAND
CLEARED.

WE'LL GO
GET THE
MONEY AND
COME RIGHT
BACK!



BY THE TIME FULTON
FINDS OUT WE'RE NOT COM-
ING BACK WITH ANY MONEY,
HE'LL HAVE TOLD NAN AND
HER CROWD THEY CAN'T
HAVE THE SHED!



So WHEN THE GANG
MEETS FARMER FULTON..

MR. FULTON, I HEAR YOU'RE
GOING TO PULL DOWN
YOUR OLD SHED.

YEP!
THAT'S RIGHT!



MAY WE HAVE
THE LUMBER IF
WE'LL HAUL IT
AWAY?

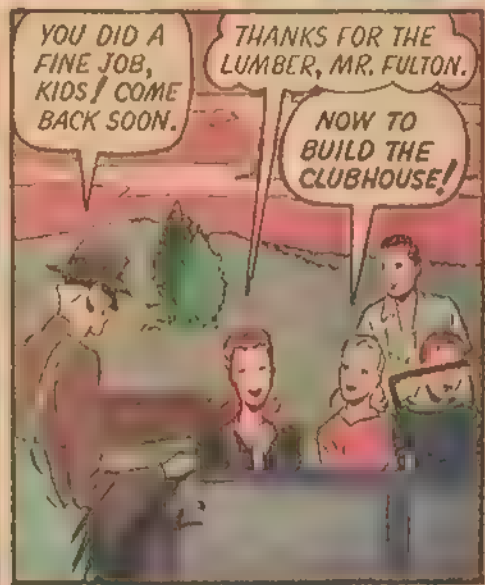
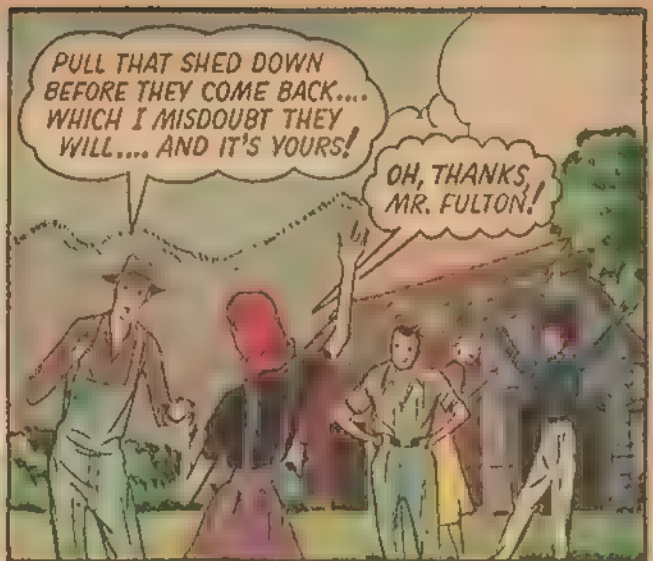
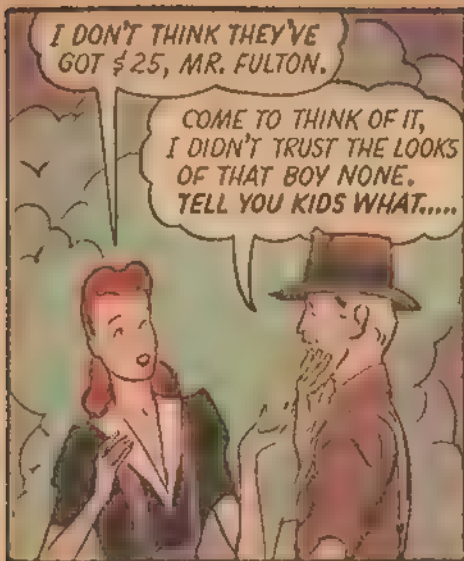
NOPE!

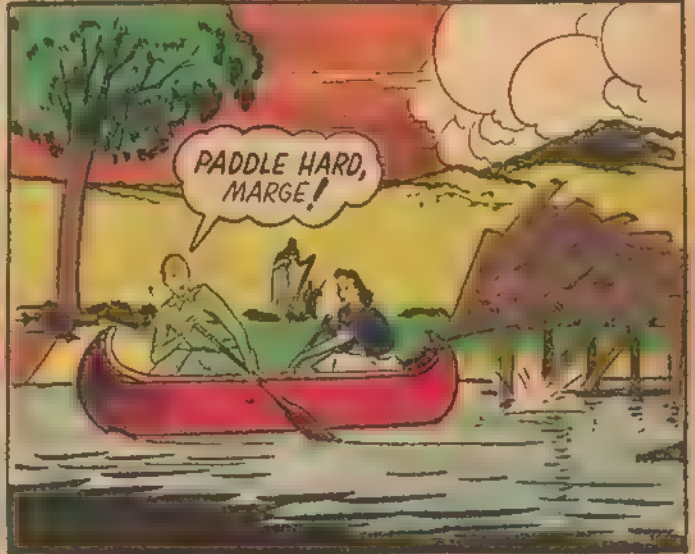


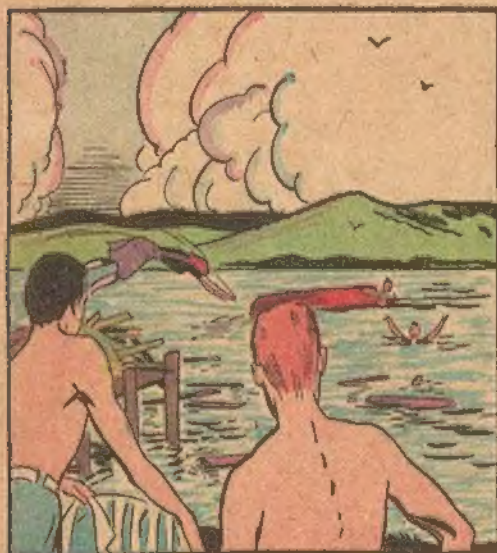
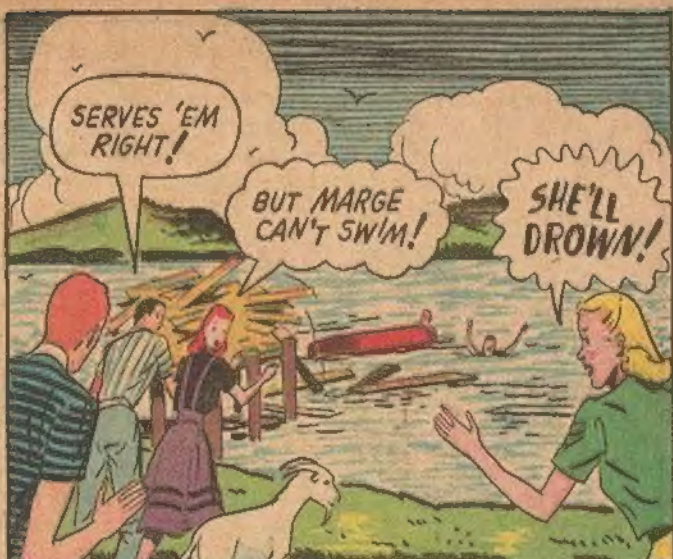
I JUST SOLD THE
SHED TO A COUPLE OF
YOUNGSTERS WHO
OFFERED ME \$25.

I'LL BET IT WAS
THAT ROB NICHOLS!

AND MARGE
WARREN!







Style Isn't Everything!

(Continued from page 14)

And at the same moment Sylvia said, "I see what you mean, but . . ."

And then they both stopped and Sylvia blushed a little and said, "Go ahead."

Harold looked a shade redder than usual, too, and he said, "Oh, no—you go ahead."

And suddenly the table was alive with conversation. Everybody seemed to be talking and laughing at once.

Ellen sat back quietly, eating her lunch and saying nothing. If Mrs. Thomas noticed that she had fallen silent rather suddenly after her extremely talkative spell, she didn't mention it. Mrs. Cort did seem to notice, but she looked relieved. And Sylvia and Harold were being so understanding with each other and so pleased over Mrs. Thomas' interest, in whatever they had to say that they didn't notice anything.

There was a ring at the door

and Mrs. Cort said: "That must be Tacker. Shouldn't you children be leaving?"

Ellen went to let him in and brought him into the dining room to be introduced. Then she ran upstairs for a coat and when she came down Sylvia and Harold were standing at the bottom of the stairs.

"No," Sylvia was saying, "I don't have to wear a hat at all. I know how you feel about the top being down and I can just as well wear a beanie. You know I usually do. Honestly."

"But you bought the hat especially."

"But Harold, I know you like the top down."

"But after all, you . . ."

Ellen coughed gently and when they saw her they stopped abruptly.

Ellen said: "Harold, I was just going to ask you: I was wondering if we could ride with the top down one way—the way home, maybe."

Harold said quickly: "One way! That'll fix it. Up on the

way there, down on the way back. Right?"

And Sylvia was smiling. "Swell!"

Ellen said good-bye to the guest and kissed her mother. And then she and Tacker walked out into the sunshine where Harold was showing Sylvia how the top of his car went up with only a push of a button.

"Gee, it's sure going to be one super-elegant day, isn't it?" Tacker demanded. "Don't you think I was pretty smart to get the tickets and fix this up?"

"You fixed it!" Ellen exploded, amazed.

And then she stopped. If Tacker realized what had almost happened this noon—but he didn't. And only a very un-understanding person would get angry at Tacker for something he didn't know anything about. It helped to be understanding even if you weren't going to be a writer.

"You certainly were," Ellen agreed happily.

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Street Address _____

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State _____

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